

THE  
CHEATS.  
A  
COMEDY.

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*Written in the Year, M.DC.LXII.*

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Hor. Serm. 1.

—— *Ridentem dicere verum,*  
*Quis vetat? —*

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IMPRIMATUR,  
Nov. 5. 1663.

*by John L'Estrange*  
Roger L'Estrange.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for G. Bedell, and T. Collins, at the  
Middle-Temple-Gate; And Cha. Adams at the  
Talbot, over against St. Dunstons  
Church in Fleetstreet. 1664.

THE  
CHEAT  
COMEDY

Written by the Author of 'MOLIERE'

By J. H. P. [illegible]

Translated into English

By [illegible]

London: Printed for J. H. P. [illegible]  
Nov. 2, 1863

LONDON

Printed for G. H. P. [illegible] and J. H. P. [illegible] at the  
Middle-Temple-Cafe; and also at the  
Tavern, over against St. Dunstons  
Church in Fleet-Street.

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# The Author, TO The Reader.

Petron. Arbiter.

—*Non omnibus unum est  
Quod placet; Hic, Spinās colligit, ille, Rosas.*



Have ever had so little Faith for Apologies, that I rather believ'd they did more hurt than good; and for the most part, left things in a worse condition than they found them: The sense of this, made me pass some late censures in silence; and perhaps, might have oblig'd me to the same still, had I not found a dust rais'd, and believ'd it my concern to blow it off, at least, endeavour it: — To come to the matter, This Comedy was lately Acted, and (as it fares with things of this nature) variously receiv'd; Nor could I well have expected other; It were too much fondness (not to say worse) to tax that freedom in another, which I should think hard, to be deny'd my self: — No — this is nothing of the point; All that I take notice of, is this, How justly it may have deserv'd all that has been said upon't; unless People would have it dealt with like Don Quixot's Library, some burnt for the Curate's sake, other for the Barber's, and not the least for the good Womans: — Not to detain you longer in the Porch, I have at present, but this short request, That it may speak for it self: — And first, (to take the parts as they lye) I shall begin with Bilboe, and Titere Tu; the one, usurping the name of a Major, the other, of a Captain; whereas in truth (and as may be gather'd from their discourse) they never were either, or scarcely, any thing like it: — A humour that can be no wise strange, to any man that knew this Town, between the years 46, and 50, and being so

## The Author to the Reader.

understood; will be as unlikely to prove an occasion of scandal, to any person of Honour; For if I have shewn the odd practices of two vain persons, pretending to what they were not, I think I have sufficiently justifi'd the Brave man, even by this Reason, That the Exception proves the Rule: — And further, if there be any thing in their language, that may seem loose, be pleased to consider who they are that speak it; and then I hope you'll thus far absolve me, as to say, I had as ill brought 'um in, with a pair of Beads at their Girdle, as my Puritan Constable, with a Feather in's Cap: — But secondly, for the Second Scene, I am confident I may passe it, and come to the Third, where (and in other parts of the Play) if you meet with a small pretender to Astrology, Physick, the Rosy-crucian humour, Fortune-telling; and I know not what; or in the fifth Act, Qualiacunque voles vendentem somnia, — I shall, instead of plea to it, only enlarge my request, That you would but run over the late Adventures of that kind, the sad effects of which, may be well fear'd to live among the people, when the persons that writ 'um, may be either dead, or forgotten: — Nor do I think I ought to ask pardon, that I have taken a Levite, to this Teraphim, since whoever shall give himself the trouble of enquiry, will (without the least force upon the Text) easily find, that both alike have spoken vanity: — But fourthly, for what concerns Runter, though I think I might have let that pass too, yet, because I would not be mis-understood, give me leave to believe, That no wise man can conceive either Profession, viz. Common, or Civil Law, could be intended in it: — For as to the first, those that know my way of education, will be ready to excuse me thus far, That had I design'd that, I must necessarily have laid it another way, and perhaps too, might have been able to have don't; — Or if I had struck at the latter, That I was not so altogether a stranger to it, as not to have run it higher; — Let this suffice to both, That I made use of no more, than what serv'd to my purpose, and so I leave it to a favourable interpretation, and come to the fifth Scene, viz. Mr. Scruple, where, if any man shall say, I have trod too near upon Religion, I hope, upon his second thoughts, I may trust my cause with him; when, if he shall rightly understand it, he will easily perceive, That I have only shewn how that venerable Name has been abus'd, and that best Thing, made Bawd to the worst actions: — Lastly, to any man that shall say, such or such humours have either been in the Town before, or formerly writ upon, give me leave to offer this to

*the*

## The Author to the Reader.

the first, That Comedy, either is, or should be, the true Picture of Ver-  
 tue, or Vice; yet so drawn, as to shew a man how to follow the one, and  
 avoid the other; in doing which, if I had fram'd any thing  
 that was not, I had not only bely'd the Town, but wrong'd my  
 self: — Doth not Martial say of his Epigrams, Dictavit au-  
 ditor? And was not Quicquid agant homines — Horace's  
 farrago? — As to the second, If it has been said so long  
 since, That there is nothing which has not been before, I hope  
 (if I may have borrow'd upon any tone that has gone before) I  
 am thus far excusable, that I have purposely declin'd both his  
 matter, and his way: — To which, if the contrary shall chance  
 to be objected, I think it enough at present to say, That I am  
 in Possession; and a bare They say, without shewing, and compa-  
 ring the place, will not be sufficient to evict me out of it: —  
 To be short, were there nothing more, even this were enough,  
 That there is hardly any thing left to write upon, but what ei-  
 ther the Antients or Moderns have some way or other touch'd  
 on; — Did not Apulejus take the rise of his Golden Ass, from  
 Lucian's Lucius? and Erasmus, his Alcumistica, from Chau-  
 cer's Canons Yeoman's Tale? and Ben. Johnson, his more hap-  
 py Alchymist, from both? — The Argument were everlast-  
 ing — Sed Cynthia aurem Velli, & admonuit —  
 And therefore upon the whole matter, whoever may have seen  
 the Play, or shall happen to read this, I have but two things  
 more to begge of him, — the one, That by a new Comment,  
 he pick not out any ill meaning, which I never intended: Im-  
 probè facit, qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est: — The  
 other, That he remember that of the Tragedian, Si judicas,  
 cognosce: — And then perhaps, I may have deserv'd his  
 thanks, That I thus hung out the Buoy, to discover the Rock,  
 and drew the Curtain from an old Cheat, to no other end, but  
 to prevent a new. — Farewel.

NOVEMBER 16. 1663.

THE

# The Persons.

*VWhitebroth.*

*Ranter.*

*Aftermitt.*

*Folly.*

*Tyro.*

*Scruple.*

*Mopus.*

*Bilboe.*

*Tisere Tu.*

*Double-Diligence.*

*Timothy.*

*Mrs. VWhitebroth.*

*Mrs. Mopus.*

*Mrs. Double-Diligence.*

*Beatrice.*

*Cia.*

An Alderman.

A Civilian.

A Gentleman Suitor to *Bea.*

His Friend.

A young 'Squire, Pretender to *Bea.*

A Non-conformist.

An Astrological Physitian.

{ Two Hectors; The one, usurping  
the Name of a Major; The o-  
ther, of a Captain.

A Puritan Constable.

The Alderman's Servant.

The Alderman's Wife.

The Astrologer's Wife.

The Constable's Wife.

The Alderman's Daughter.

The Alderman's Maid.

## THE SCENE,

# London.

## THE PROLOGUE.

**C**ustom prevails, and somewhat must be say'd,  
To tie your Hands, and save the Author's head;  
'Tis a new Play you'll cry — What then? — 'I were too  
Too much to find you meat, and stomachs too:  
But since it must — Expect no Bill of fare,  
No — I shall only tell ye, What's not here:

We've no Sententious Sir — No grave Sir Poll;  
No little Pugge, nor Devil — Bless us All!  
No tedious Sieges to the Musick-room;  
Nor frisks abroad — No — Our Scene's all at home:  
But if you ask me, How? — 'Troth, I've forgot;  
And now I think on't; — It may spoil the Plot,  
To give't you before hand — What e're it be,  
Have but a little Patience, and you'll see.

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## A N O T H E R,

*Intended, upon the revival of the Play, but not spoken.*

**S**AD News my Masters; And too true, I fear,  
For us — Scruple's a silenc'd Minister;  
Would ye the Cause? — The Brethren snivle, and say,  
'Tis scandalous that any Cheat, but they:  
Well — To be short; H'as been before the Tryers,  
And (by good Fortune) is got out o' th' Bryers;  
Where, if he lost a Limb to save the rest,  
No hurt — Here's yet enough, to know the Beast:  
Nor let the sisters pule — (I'll tell y' a thing)  
He may be libb'd, and yet have left, a string.

THE





# The Cheats.

## ACT. I. SCE. I.

Enter

*Bilboe*, and *Titere Tu*, as meeting.

*T. T.* Oh! Major! — *Quibus Hætor*, &c.

*Bil.*



Why faith the old Trade still; Here, and there, and every where: — But how now Captain! — *Latine! Latine!* — Send us fair weather; — From small Beer, and

ends of *Latine*; — Deliver me.

*T. T.* Troth I rise with as little of 't this morning, as the rest of my Neighbours: And yet once to day, 't was a measuring cast, whither I had *English* enough left me, to carry me to bed.

*Bil.* For why my man o' *Memphis*? — New adventures?

*T. T.* Small Game: — However, 'tis better than idleness. — A man would pick straws, rather than not keep his hand in ure: — Any thing good Major in an honest way.

*Bil.* Thou 'rt in the right Boy: — But heark you — Did 'he bite?

*T. T.* Yes: — And I've struck him too.

*Bil.* A Squire? — Another Squire?

*T. T.* He may be one in time: — But for the present, he is only a small Batchelor of the Law, new come to Town, to learn breeding.

*Bil.* I'll say this — And a fig for thee — He has as hopeful a Tutor, as a man need have rak'd Hell for.

*T. T.* Mean you me Sir, or *Runter* the Civilian, to whose care, his father by his last will committed him?

*Bil.* New'r a Barrel better Herring — *Runter!* — Hah! Hah!

B

*T. T.*

## THE CHEATS.

*T. T.* Why, he thinks himself a learned Man; And 'tis some sign that others are of the same opinion — I can assure you, he mist the *Chancellorship* of *Dunstable*, as narrowly, as ever any man did, that went without it.

*Bil.* Nay — nay — nay — The Gentleman will be well bred, there's no doubt of 't: — But what's the business?

*T. T.* Compositions Major — Compositions — A small Collation to save the effusion of Christian blood: — Ah that thou hadst seen him, while the *Prudential*, and my *Second* were discoursing the business — He look't so like dead a Horse, he would neither eat, nor drink, before he knew, whither he should live, or dye: — But, as soon as the sum was agreed, and we had shaken hands upon't — Whip says *Fethro*! — He was got drunk, ere I could wet my Whistle.

*Bil.* But are the Pence numbred? — Do they cry Chink in thy Pocket? — How many yellow Boyes (*Rogue*) How many yellow Boyes?

*T. T.* Why faith Major, none; — But we are to take up a 100 *l.* together, which will be all one.

*Bil.* But who must lay it down Captain? who must lay it down?

*T. T.* I have a small Broker, that for 40, or 50 *l.* has undertaken to procure it.

*Bil.* That may do well — But heark you — Where does your Horse stand? — I hear of a Purchase, and I must out to Night.

*T. T.* No more good Major — No more of that doleful Tune; — The very remembrance of 't puts me into a cold sweat.

*Bil.* 'Twas a pretty Nag — Thou hast not sold him?

*T. T.* Would 'twere no worse.

*Bil.* He is not stoll'n? — No Rogues among our selves I hope?

*T. T.* Neither.

*Bil.* Or is he dead?

*T. T.* In Law, I think he be: — I was out t'other Night upon the *Randan*, and who should I meet with but our old *Gang*, some of *St. Nicholas's Clerks*; *Pad* was the word; The *Booby* set by the *Chamberlaine*; We took it, and shar'd it; But coming home, were all snap't by a *Hue*, and *Crye*, for another business, wherein I was not concern'd;



concern'd; which Mr. *Constable* perceiving, and imagining me as very a Rogue as the rest, and that I would be glad to escape upon any terms; He takes me aside, and tells me, That though I was not in this, yet there were others, wherein I had been; And therefore (because I look't like a civil Gentleman, meerly drawn in by ill Company) if I would give him my Horse, he would let me escape: — You may easily believe, he did not speak to a deaf Man, or one that had no mind to understand him — I clos'd with him, got me to my Company, made 'um dead drunk, and when they were fast asleep, fairly march't off.

*Bil.* That is to say — Ran away.

*T. T.* And a good shift too: — You are put to none of these hazards Major — You lie as safe in the *Constable's* house, as a Thief in a Mill; — Or (to use a more familiar expression) some of our friends in *Newgate*.

*Bil.* Yes — I could have better accomodations abroad, but he is my loving friend.

*T. T.* His Wife you mean.

*Bil.* Why — She's a good Girl — And now you talk of these *Trumperies*, What's become of your small *Cockatrice*, the *Astrologer Mopus* his Wife?

*T. T.* I ha'n't seen her since my last mischance; I must ev'n to her for new *riggings*; — I hope her Husband has had a good *Term* of't; I'd live like a Prince, if I could perform the tenth part of what his *Bills* promise: — But see Major! } *Enter Double Diligence, and*  
yonder's your *Pinnace* sailing by — } *his Wife.*  
Ah how she booms! — Prithce hail her Man: Would I'd the *sur-*  
*ling* of her *Main Sail*.

*Bil.* Landlord! Well met — How now Landlady — This is better than wifh; — I must give you a Barrel of Oysters, and a Bottle or two of Wine, ere we part, Honest Landlord! *Bilboe*  
*huggs him.*

*D. D.* O — good Major — Another time; we are going to exercise now.

*Bil.* But dear Landlord — *Captain*, Advance, and know this Gentleman my friend, and Landlord; — He is the honestest fellow, and the best natur'd thing —

*D. D.* Thank you good Major — I have always your good word.

## THE CHEATS.

*M. D.* I indeed Husband that you have; and more behind your back, than ever I told you of. *T. T. Comes up and salutes D. D.*

*T. T.* Worthy Sir, your servants humble servant.

*D. D.* Alas good Captain — Indeed and truly — sweet Sir — The Major and I are old friends.

*T. T.* And may you long continue so.

*D. D.* I thank you Sir: — Come my Joy, shall's wal k? I should be loth to have Mr. *Alderman* there before us.

*M. D.* I my Dear — I stay for thee.

*Exit D. D.*

*Bil.* But heark you Hussy: —

*He whispers her back.*

Where shall you and I exercise? — Can't you drop him, or give him the slip, for an hour or two?

*M. D.* Oh — No — No — We are to be at Repetition at Mr. *Alderman's* — 'Tis Fryday Night — But I shall see you anon: Farewell good Major — Your servant Sir. *Exit.*

*T. T.* Your servant Lady.

*Bil.* Captain — Pritheeler's meet to morrow in the Afternoon, at Mother Formalls the Midwife's; and bring your small Harlotry with you, — we'll be merry.

*T. T.* A match — A match —

*Exeunt.*

## A C T. I. S C E. 2.

Enter

*Jolly, Aftermitt.*

*Ast.* You are so Wise: — I have observ'd, This World Dwells most abroad, seldom, or nev'r at home; Most men can counsel others, few, themselves.

*Fol.* Hah! Sentences! — There's somewhat troubles you; What is 't? — And can you call me friend, and yet Not let me bear my part? Friends should be one; Breath, Hope, Fear, Will, and Nill the same, in common.

*Ast.* Why — What were you the better if you knew? You cannot give me ease. —

*Fol.* However try; A handsome Fellow! And a fair Estate!

*And*

And wit at will! — Thou mayst command the *Town*;  
Leave off this fooling: —

*Ast.* I'm beholding to you;  
Can you with all your wisdom tell me now  
Where this shooe wrings me?

*Fol.* No: —

*Ast.* Then pray believe  
I know; and if you are my friend, forbear  
A further scrutiny: —

*Fol.* My life, in Love!  
Not past that Boyes disease? That troublesom itch?  
Come — We'll be *Jovial*, and divert the humor.

*Ast.* Suppose I were? — Is not the World the same?  
Love is the Bond of Nature, and without it,  
The Universe, were but a Besome unbound,  
Sand, without Lime: —

*Fol.* I need no further Symptoms  
To make the *Crisis*; — Hah! — And you believe,  
This dainty Phylosophical Poulitis,  
Will work the Cure? — If I have any skill,  
There were a better Remedy: —

*Ast.* For shame  
Thou Infidel to all that's good, or lovely;  
May'st thou dye in thy Heresie, and new'r know  
What a good Woman means; — unless perhaps,  
For thy conversion: —

*Fol.* This was intended  
For a small Curse: — But I must thank my friend;  
And if he were not turn'd *Bigott*, I think,  
Might satisfie him: You're in love forsooth!  
All in good time — But have you yet consider'd:  
What 'tis? How much more misery beyond it,  
Then on this side of 't? — you may fancy Castles,  
And forty I know not what's, But they're of Snow,  
Come one good showre, and farewell my fine *Guegan*:

*Ast.* Thou'rt a strange Fellow: — What dost think of those  
Have gone before us, and commend it too?

*Fol.* One Woodcock makes no Winter: — But I pray,

What

What are the persons? Are they not concern'd?  
 These marry'd Men, are like Boyes in the water,  
 Ask 'um how 't goes, Oh! wondrous hot they cry,  
 When yet their Teeth chaater for very cold;  
 If you must love, love on; But go no further;  
 Women enjoy'd, like Rivers in the Sea,  
 Lose both their Taste, and Name; Suppose 'um *Funnels*  
 In the pursuit, they're *Clouds* in the enjoyment.

*Ast.* Thou'rt like the Fox, that having lost his Tayle,  
 Would fain perswade the rest to make 't a fashion:  
 Prithee give over: —

*Fol.* Troth I've scarce begun;  
 Suppose her handsome; She's a Honey-pot  
 I th' Sun; If otherwise, you'll ne're endure her;  
 If honest; Insolent, though ne're sougly;  
 She thinks, you are beholding to her for 't;  
 And yet, who knows how long she may be so:  
 Is she the Map of Modesty? perhaps  
 'Tis but your own Opinion; Love is blind;  
 There's many pass for such, whose Husbands yet,  
 Could, if they durst, tell you another Tale.  
 Is she a Housewife? Can she make a Band?  
 Order a Dairy? Cure a broken Shin?  
 Examine your Accounts, and at Years end,  
 Pray tell me what yo've sav'd: — Is she high born?  
 Twenty to one, She's proud, and quickly scorns you:  
 What are you better for those doughty Acts  
 My Lord, Her greagreat Grandfather perform'd,  
 The Lord knows where? Or t'ave her Portion paid you  
 In Genealogies, Gilt Spurs, and Cantons.

*Ast.* Come — I can hold no longer — Have you done?

*Fol.* With your good patience, a word — Consider,  
 'Tis like a Battel, to be fought but once;  
 And therefore, if it must be so, Be sure  
 She be your Equal, and, if possible, Vertuous;  
 At least, not tainted with her Mothers Vices:  
 And now, if after this, thou dar'st be wiving,  
 Th' art a bold Fellow, and that's all I'll say;

Heav'n

Heav'n keep thee yet within the power of *Haleboure*.

*Ast.* Prithee be n't so severe: — Thou art my friend,

And I'll deal plainly with thee — That Estate

Which you believe so fair: ( And were't not for

My father's Debts, and some small slips of mine,

Might have look't somewhat like it ) is at present,

At that low Ebb, That if I don't look to't,

In time, 'twill be quite past Recovery:

Come — The Red Petticoat must piece up all:

*Fol.* 'T'as a half-face of Reason: — As you say,

Desperate Causes, must have desperate Cures:

But what is he, has got this hank upon't?

*Ast.* Did you never hear of *Alderman Whitebroth*?

*Fol.* I, there's a Jew indeed — I'll tell thee what,

He has a Daughter, Thou shalt have her too,

Though it be but to be reveng'd of him.

*Ast.* There spake my friend: — O — but her father: —

*Fol.* What?

*Ast.* — Will never give consent: —

*Fol.* To choose; — She'll make

The better Wife, to justifie her folly.

*Ast.* Prithee be serious: —

*Fol.* Good faith I am;

And if thou hast her not, one way, or other,

I'll be thy Bondman: — We'll about it streight.

*Exeunt.*

A C T. I. S C E. 3.

Enter

*Mopus Solus with a Book, &c.*

*Mo.* *S* *Atur*ne, and *Jupiter*, come to a *Trine* in *Taurus*, and *Capricorn* — Huh — We shall have strangers come to Town, and their Wives nev'r miss 'um in the Countrey: — Next Month they all meet in the house of *Mercury*, he being Lord thereof, and *Significator* of Speech; It may intend, Advocates, Cryers of Courts, Splitters of Causes, Oysters Wives, and Broom Men: —

Hold.



Hold — *Saturne* — (nothing but this malevolent *Planet*) in the sign *Virgo*, in conjunction with *Venus*, in her detriment : — Beware Women, of green Gowns; Great men, of Stone, and Collick, and Costermongers, of rotten Pippins : — Agen — *Pars tortura*, coupled with the *Catabifason*, That is to say, The Dragons Tayle : — Huh — Huh — Children shall be subject to Convulsion fits, young Wenches to the Falling Evil, and old Women to Cough out their Teeth : — [ *He makes a pause.* ] But all this is no Money : — Many an honest man has but one House, and maintains his Family very well ; But I am such an unlucky Rogue, the whole 12, will hardly pay my Rent : — Now, a Pox take these Citizens, and then a Man may get some money by 'um ; They are so hidebound, there's no living by 'um ; So Clunchfisted, a man would swear the Gout were got out of their feet, into their hands, 'tis death to 'um, to pluck 'um out of their pockets : — I am sure my Bills bid as high, as the proudest ( They Cure all *Diseases*, and Resolve all *Astrological Questions* ) and yet they'll hardly quit cost, for pasting 'um up : — Here dwells an *Astrological Physician*, Reads one ; — And there let him, till I trouble him, Answers another ; — His Majesties most excellent *Operator*, sayes one — Yes — upon a Post quoth another : And thus you see, how an *Artist* is valu'd : — O Ignorance ! Ignorance ! Well may'st thou be the Mother of Devotion, but I am sure thou art the Stepdame of Art : — If it were not for the good Women with their Groats, and their Vinegar Bottles, and now and then a young Wench to enquire of her Sweet-heart, I might ev'n hang my self ; Nay ( which were worse ) my wife would cry her Trade were the better o' th' two : — But, Husht ! — I hear some body coming — Ten to one but 'tis my young Squire, with his Mercers Wife to have her Fortune read — I could with less trouble, and more certainty have told her Husband's : — I hear 'um — Husht — My Wife understood their meaning well enough, she might have put 'um together without troubling me : — [ *Enter Mrs. Mopus.* ] Oh — is it you ? — How goes all Causes ?

*M. M.* But ill enough I'm sure — I wonder what I'm the better for a Husband in you ! — Here you sit moping, and moping all day upon a Book, and at Night, you're as sleepy as a gib'd Cat.

*Mo.* Oh ho — I'm in thy debt, but thou shalt be paid it altogether: — Is it not better to receive a 100 *l.* at one payment, than to dribble 't out by shilling, and shilling?

*M. M.* But you'd be loth though, if your Wife had an occasion, that she should borrow, though 'twere but sixpence.

*Mo.* Thou sayest right — But I dare trust thee further: Prithee go in, and look after the House; we shall have some or other, come popping in presently.

*M. M.* To mighty purpose — 'Tis well you get so much: — Methinks Trading is grown extream dead: — Time was, when your honest Citizen's Wives, and no ordinary Madams, and their Gallants, would come and be merry here; — But now —

*Mo.* A little patience good Wife; 't'as been a long Vexation, the Gentry are not come to Town yet; — and yet we have some doings too.

*M. M.* Yes — A Company of Fribbles, enough to discredit any honest House in the World: — No, I'd have you to know, I am for none of your Skip-Jacks; — No; — Give me your Persons of Quality, there's somewhat to be got by them: Besides, a Woman need not be ashamed to sit Jig by Joule, with the best of the Parish, and who dare say, Black is her eye?

*Mo.* Prithee be quiet — I expected a young Squire, and his Mistress; but I believe she could not get out, her Husband is so jealous of her.

*M. M.* Now out upon her — Could she not have took another Woman out with her? He has been a good one himself (I warrant you) that shall offer to suspect two Women together: — Marry hang these jealous-headed Coxcombs, these Ass-Cuckolds, that believe their Ears to be Horns; And such have you been in your time too — That you have.

*Mo.* Well — Well — Go in — All shall be mended — Prithee in.

*M. M.* No indeed, I do n't intend it; I must have some money first: — Do you think I can go alwayes in one Gown? — Pray do n't mistake your self: — Besides, I must buy the Child a new Coat; and Mr. *Scruple* expects I should carry him something for his pains amongst us: — Indeed Husband, he is a precious, able

*man* — *Mo.*

*Mo.* Yes — He is able — Able to speak more with ease, than another man can hear with patience: — Away you fool.

*M. M.* Nay good Husband — How do you think a Woman can love you, if you will not let her do as the rest of her Neighbours? — I warrant you for them, not one of them mist the meeting to day, and I hope you have found, that they are not the worst Customers we have: — Marry come up here — [*She strikes the Book out of his hand.*] 'Tis a fine thing that a Woman can have no money, but what she must ask her Husband for, and then too, to have all this Clutter about it: — Give me some money, or I'll make my complaint to Mr. *Scruple*.

*Mo.* Be quiet, and thou shalt have any thing: — I must ev'n stop her mouth, to be rid of her — [*This, and the next, aside.*] If once she set up her Clack, the Cataracts of *Nile* are but still Musick to't: — Come, we'll in, and see what may be done. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. I. SCENE. 4.

Enter

*Runter, Tyro.*

*Ru.* I Ndeed your father was my old acquaintance, and very good friend — Ah! How it tickles my Lungs, to think how many mad Frolicks we have had, at Robbing of Orchards, and stealing Pudding-pyes — I hope I may take it for granted, that you visited the University: — Pray which of 'um? and what Colledge?

*Ty.* *Gotam* Colledge Sir, in the University of *Rumford*.

*Ru.* My Fellow Collegiate! — You and I must be acquainted: — Pray how goes the old difference between the Scholars, and the Townsmen? Is the breach so wide, that you believe it irreconcilable?

*Ty.* Indeed I cannot tell — But it is thought, 'twill hardly be compos'd, unless the Rams would forbear marrying.

*Ru.* The more 's the pity: — A Graduate I hope Sir.

*Ty.* Yes Sir — A small one — A Batchelor o' th' Law — I went out Batchelor, last Horse-fair.

*Ru.* And I Doctor, in the Throng: — We must be better acquainted: — You're come up to study? *Ty.*



**Ty.** Yes Sir — My Mother would have it so.

**Ru.** Then let me advise you — Study both Laws, but chiefly, the Civil: — You would not think what an advantage 'tis, to be a general man.

**Ty.** Sir, I shall follow your directions.

**Ru.** Then, when you come to practice, you must get you a good brass Towel, and a steel Countenance; and ever carry in your green Bag, so much patience, as not to be discourag'd at any thing; for I am to tell you a great Truth, That our Profession Rotts at the wrong end, The young ones dye, and the old ones live, But how I pray: Even like Bawds, and Medlars, never Ripe, till Rotten; That is to say, seldom or never get money, till they are past the use of 't; And then (perhaps) what with a little favour, and a great deal of money, they may chance to arrive at last to the height of sleeping out a Cause.

**Ty.** I thank you Sir, and I hope I shall be able to remember it.

**Ru.** Then you must ever be obsequious to great men; not that you expect any good from 'um, but (as the *Chineses* worship the Devil) that they do you no hurt: — Then, be sure to keep your Chamber, it will keep you; I kept mine many a long year, and nothing came; But at last (Thanks to my Stars, and these good Times) it came to the purpose.

**Ty.** Yes Sir, I know this to be true, for my Mother would be continually preaching this Lesson to my Father.

**Ru.** Then you must never examine your Cause, whither it be good, or bad; If it be good, and of no great concernment, it will carry it self; If bad, there's your Master-piece, to help it out; Every Fool can manage a good Cause, but He's your Man, can set the Nose to which side he pleases, and make something, out of nothing.

**Ty.** I hope I shall have the grace to put it in practice; and wish, my Father were alive to thank you.

**Ru.** Then if at any time, you find you have the worst end of the staffe; Leave your Cause, and fall upon the person of your Adversary; Put it out boldly, and enough of 't, and somewhat must stick; No matter how true, or false, it begets a prejudice to the person, and many times forjudges the Cause: — For Example now, to give you

you an instance in a Gentleman, a friend of mine, a great Master of this way of pleading: — A Gentleman with a long comely beard, demurs to his Clients Bill; My friend, takes him at first hop, and demurs to his beard; calls it a Vow-beard, and that he had made an Oath not to cut it till the King came in; And heark you, had he had Twenty Arguments, he might have better spar'd the other Nineteen, than that One: — I could tell you of as good a one of my own, and upon as great a Person as any this day in Europe — (Ah! how I fir'd him up, with — a Chip of the old Block, and Twenty as good — ) But enough of this now — The thing is sufficiently known, and it ill becomes a man to set out his own Vertues; — But try this, and do it boldly, and never doubt of Clients: — A modest Lawyer! — A silent Woman! — A Paradox in Nature.

*Ty.* I can but thank you still Sir.

*Ru.* I had almost forgot one thing, and no way inferiour to any of the rest: — If you find any Commotion in the State, be sure to strike in with the first; If you get nothing — *Cantabit vacuus* — You'll pass in the Crowd; If you do, you'll have money enough to purchase your pardon, and perhaps too, get in to be some great mans Advocate: — Chew the Cud upon this for the present, and as I find you growing up to't, I shall instruct you farther. *Exeunt.*

# ACT. I. SCENE 5.

Enter

*Whitebroth (Coughing.) Mrs. Whitebroth, Beatrice,  
Cis, Timothy, laden with Books.*

*Wh.* I Do profess, this Mr. *Scruple* is a singular man.

*M.W.* I indeed is he: — I never edify'd under any man like him: — But how d' you my Lamb? Howd' you?

*Tim.* A vengeance over grown one; — I have seen many a Ram in my time, has not been so big by the head and the horns. [*Aside — Whitebroth Coughs all the while.*]

*Bea.* How do you Sir? — You don't look well.

*Wh.* Nothing but a Cold my Child — nothing but a Cold:

I hope 'twill away again: — [ *He Coughs again.* ]

M. W. *Cis* — *Cis* — A Stick of Licoras *Cis*. [ *Enter D. D.*

*Cis*. I have some Candid Ginger forsooth, and his wife.]

M. W. Here Chick — prithee bite a bit of 't — 'tis the most so-  
veraign thing (next a Pepper-posset) as can be.

D. D. Save your good Worship — It felt in an ill time — I am  
afraid it may beget an obstruction of justice, by hindring your Wor-  
ships sitting on the Bench.

Wh. How d' you Neighbours both? How d' you? — you're  
welcome, — [ *Coughs* ] — I am afraid I sate a little  
too long in the cold — [ *Again* ] — Come Neighbour

*Diligence*, you and I'll walk in, and leave the Women to entertain  
Mr. *Scruple*.

D. D. I wait upon your Worship. *Exeunt Wh. D. D.*

M. W. *Timothy*.

*Tim*. Madam.

M. W. Quickly good *Timothy*, quickly — Run in, and get the  
Towels ready: — After good *Cis*, after him, and see they be through  
warm: — *Exeunt Tim, Cis. Enter Scruple.*

Oh Mr. *Scruple*, Mr. *Scruple*! — Alas good man how he sweats! —

*Tim, Tim, Tim*. — A Towel *Tim*, a Towel — quick — quick —  
quick, *Enter Tim.*

*Tim*. Here forsooth.

M. D. Now blessing o' your heart good Mr. *Scruple*, you have  
taken a great deal of pains to day.

*Tim*. Or his Lungs have, which is all one. [ *Aside.* ]

M. W. Truly, and indeed, a great Pains-taker: — [ *They*  
*pull him down into a low Chair, and rub him.* ] — Come Mr. *Scru-*

*ple* — You have stood long to day — Pray sit down — We must  
Rule you here. — Will you have a Caudle Sir? — Alas poor man!  
How wet the Collar of his Shirt is? — Feel *Diligence* — I prithee  
feel.

M. D. Now beshrew me, but 't'as work't quite through his  
Douplet, Coat, Cloak and all.

Sc. Hum — I am refreshed — yea in good sooth I am.

M. W. Will you have a Lemmon Posset Sir?

Sc. I fear me it is too cold.

M. W. Will you go to Bed Sir? — Or have a fresh Shirt? —  
*How do you Sir?* *Tim.*

*Tim.* Troth very ill, upon a Text. [ *Aside.* ]

*Sr.* I am well enough — only a qualm — a qualm.

*M. W.* What say you to your Collar of S. S. then?

*Sc.* That would not be amiss — There's no false Latine in't.

*M. W.* Quickly *Tim*, quickly: — A Pint of Sack, a Quart of Sider, and a handful, or two, of Sugar, and put 'um into the great Bowle — Run *Timothy*, Run: — Dear Child, do thou help him.

*Tim.* Call you me this, his Collar of S. S. Sr — [ *Aside.* ]

— You shall have it presently. *Exeunt Tim. and Bea.*

*M. D.* I am afraid you are not well Sir.

*Sc.* Yes — I am so, so: — You would not think how't has recover'd me, one would hardly believe, what a rejoycing to my spirit it is, to see you thus eager, and, as it were, hungry for your food: — Ah — Be the same still — you cannot lay out your selves, nor I my self forth enough, in these wayes — Pray mark it; — We cannot lay out our selves forth enough one to another; — These often Duties put us into a spiritual posture of War — Ah — It is best fighting together — Ah — What a precious thing it is, when we are both concern'd together, and — Ah — Ah — as a man may say, wrap't up in one common Cause and Interest: — Ah — Good sisterly women, consider it, and lay it upon your hearts. [ *The women answer him in a long drawn sigh* — Hui — ] But how

does Mr. Alderman? Methought I heard him Cough ere while: — How does he?

*M. W.* Now indeed, I think he sate a little too long in the cold: — He has gotten a heavy Cough of 't.

*Sc.* To see the frailty of mans Nature! — How weary of every thing that is good! How irksom it is unto us! — I dare undertake, he should have sate at a lewd Stage-play, a whole Afternoon: — Nay, with his Hat off too — and — Ah — been nev'r the worse.

*M. W.* But are these Stage-plays, such lewd things as you make them?

*Sc.* Why truly you are my bosome-sisters — And I may speak Truth to you; — Nay — They are not — For you will find good moral things in them, As Vice depicts, Virtue encourages, and

the like; However, we have thought it fit, to rail at 'um, for fear the people should set their hearts upon 'um, and consequently, undo us: — I have often Lectur'd at 'um, in a morning, and yet in the afternoon, stoll'n behind a Pillar, to hear 'um. — *Enter Tim.*

— But see, here comes *Timothy*: — [*He starts.*] — A-  
vant — This Bowle is scandalous — It looketh like a Wafshail:

[*Timothy offers to go out.*] — Nay hold *Timothy* —  
Though the Bowle be scandalous, 'tis pity the good creature should  
be spoild: — Pray, next time, let me have the great Tankard, I am  
of opinion too, it holds somewhat more. [*He drinks.*]

The *Casuits*, speak comfortably in this point — A man may eat,  
and drink abundantly, without any necessity, but meerly for his plea-  
sure; Nay, he may, *usque ad vomitum ingurgitare*, provided al-  
wayes, he do not prejudice his health thereby; Becaule it is allow-  
able in the natural appetite, to be taken up with those actions, that  
are proper thereunto: — We must deny our selves, we may not  
deny the creature — Pray observe it — I say, we may not  
deny the creature; it being given us, not for our sustentation only,  
but contentation also — *Timothy*. — Prithce once more good  
*Timothy*.

*Tim.* Here Sir. [*Sc. drinks again.*]

*M.W.* Now much good may do it your heart good Mr.  
*Scruple*.

*M.D.* Indeed he deserves a good thing, he makes so much of it,  
when he has it.

*Sc.* This is napping Geer, and well encourag'd: — But pray no  
more of this Bowle — Pray no more of 't: — For this time, it  
may pass: — Now trust me, it has such a pleasant farewell, it invites  
a man to drink often of it: — *Timothy* —

*Tim.* Here Sir. [*Sc. drinks again.*]

*Sc.* I do assure ye, special stuffe, and too good for the wicked; it  
may strengthen them in their Enormities: — But come — Let's go  
visit Mr. *Alderman*: — *Timothy* — Is all out?

*Tim.* Yes Sir — Not a drop left.

*Sc.* Then pray speak to *Ruth*, to dress up the great Tankard, and  
bring it into Mr. *Alderman's* Chamber.

*Tim.* It shall be done Sir.

*Exeunt.*

ACT.



## ACT. II. S C E. I.

Enter

Timothy Solus.

*Tim.* **H**UH! He grows worse, and worse: — I have been with the Doctor, and he'll be here presently: — Precious *Mr. Scruple* is departed, but so like a Dog out-law'd, that unless the Devil owes me a mischief, I may be troubled with a mourning Cloak; — I am sure I have deserv'd it: — I am the general Officer of this house; Like my Mistress's Silver-sack-posset-bason; Screw a handle to't, and 'tis her Bed-pan; put a Cover to that, her Warming-pan; Take off both, it serves to wash her hands in the morning, and for a Sack-posset, at Supper: — In the Stable, I am Groom; In the Garden, Gardner; At Market, Caterer; In the Cellar, Butler; upon all Visits, her Gentleman-usher; And above Stairs, his *Valet de Chambre*. [*Enter Mopus.*] Oh! my noble Doctor — you are a man of your word.

*Mo.* How does your Master?

*Tim.* Alack Sir! I thought you could have told that by the Stars; — I have heard say, That learned men know every thing.

*Mo.* Yes — I could have erected a Scheme — But I thought it unnecessary: — How does he take his rest?

*Tim.* But ill; And complains of hears, and gripings.

*Mo.* I'll set him right again — unless the Stars —

*Tim.* What good Sir?

*Mo.* Have predecree'd the contrary — And if so — We must submit; — Will you let your Mistress know I am here?

*Tim.* I shall Sir.

Exit *Tim.*

*Mo.* So — There's half the disease; I shall easily pick the rest, out of the good woman: — If all things hit right, this *Alderman* may prove a good milch Cow: — [*Enter Mrs. Whitebroth.*] Madam! your humble Servant: —

*M. W.* You're welcome Sir — Nay, what d'you mean? [*She does this to make Mo. put on his Hat.*] — Pray Sir — Indeed there's

there's nobody expects it; — Pray be pleas'd — I can assure you no;  
— In truth I do not — Pray Sir. —

Mo. O — your servant. — Have you sav'd the Alderman's wa-  
ter, as I order'd? *Enter Cis. and Tim.*

M. W. Yes Sir: — *Cis, Cis;* Thy Masters state.

*Cis.* O *Tim, Tim,* 'twas in the silver Tankard, and the Cat over-  
threw it. *[ This, and the next, to be spoke aside. ]*

*Tim.* There stands some dead Ale upon the Table, put that in the  
Urinal; — He'll tell as much by one, as t'other. *Exeunt Tim, and Cis.*

Mo. A most fortunate face: — I never met with more lucky  
lines: — You'll live, to bury the Alderman — and — shall  
marry — let me see; — a Lord.

M. W. Indeed Sir? — I believe you can tell.

Mo. Nay, I am certain of it: — Hereafter, I may chance to  
tell you his name; — But for the present, be sure he is a Vicount, at  
least.

M. W. This — *[ She gives him money. ]* and my  
thanks. A Vicountess! — I'll promise you, I'll take it no longer  
as I have done. *Enter Cis with an Urinal.*

Mo. Oh — let me see't — High-colour'd — His blood's  
enslam'd: — Feavourish — Feavourish. *[ At every stop,  
he shakes the Urinal. ]*

M. W. Indeed Sir he burns like fire.

Mo. Sick — sick — sick — He cannot rest.

M. W. I indeed; — you are as right —

Mo. Sometimes up, and sometimes down.

M. W. Truly he has not been out of his Bed, since he first took  
his Cold, till just now.

Mo. Huh — a Cold: — *[ Aside, ]* — Pains in  
his limbs; Coughing, and now and then, wind; — This froth, and  
feather in the water, is a certain token.

M. W. Now bless me Sir! — How is't possible you should hit  
things so right?

Mo. How do you hit your mouth in the dark? — One's as easie  
as tother: — That is to say, to a man of Art; — I could tell you a  
Thousand things — But time is precious with me: — May I not  
see the Alderman?

M. W. O by all means; — I hear him coming: — *Ent. Whit.*

O my Dear — Here's a Gentleman has told me all your distemper, as right — *Whit. Coughs.*

*Wh.* And what does he think of it?

*Mo.* Pray bend your wrist Sir. — [*He feels his pulse.*]  
All will do well again: — A Purge, and a Vomit — A Purge, and a Vomit: — Gi' me a Pen, and Ink: — *He writes.*

*M. Wh.* Would not some *Parma-Citty* do him good? Truly I would be loth, he should want any thing.

*Ms.* You do well: — Let me see — What says the Colledge? — *Sperma Cati, Confectio quadam* — Pox on't — I have forgot the rest: — *Sperma Cati!* — *Sperma Cocks-comb* — They're a Company of quacking Fools; — 'Tis *Parma-citty*, and takes its name, from the City of *Parma*: Hang this foisting: — I'll trust ne're a Doctor of them all: — [*He tears the paper.*]

Have a little patience Madam, and I'll send you a preparation of my own: — In the mean time your servant: — I am staid for at present. *Exit.*

*M. Wh.* Farewell good Doctor: — Come my heart — rest thyself within. *Exeunt Wh. Coughing.*

## A C T. II. S C E. 2.

Enter

*Jolly, Afterwitt.*

*Fol.* **A**ND how d' you like her now? —

*Ast.* Could I like Heav'n,

If I were there? — 'Prithee forbear these Questions.

*Fol.* And much good may she do thee: — Thou sha't have her; I've laid the Plot, and I am sure 'twill take.

*Ast.* As how my *Folly*?

*Fol.* Not so hasty: — I have an odd humor in my pocket will strike fair to it. *He pulls out a printed Bill.*

*Ast.* What's here? A printed Bill? — 'Prithee lets hear't.

*Fol.* In the Name of God, Through the light of the Son, By the Revelation of the Spirit, I cure these Diseases, perfectly, and speedily, without any annoyance to the body, which commonly happens.



pens through Colledge Bills, and Apothecaries Medicines, with which, the Devil has deceiv'd the World, these many Hundreds of Years.

The new Disease (otherwise call'd the Great P.O.X.) with all its Appendices, in few dayes; with Herbs which I gather in the Woods, and Gums of Trees. — Agues of all sorts, in three fits: — Gout, whither-knotted, or running, in four or five dressings: — Dropsie — Timpany — Rickets — Spleen — Convulsion — Yellow, and black Jaundies — Stone — Strangury — and Chollick, in six hours: — All kinds of Fluxes; — Most distempers of the Head — Shortness of Breath, and Ptitick, at first sight: — And have ever by me a most approv'd Remedy, against Green-sickness — Barrenness — And fits of the Mother.

*Ast.* 'Twas fairly vied: ---- Who bids more?

*Fol.* He comes again ---- As also (To let the World see, how wide of their mark, they are like to run, That as boldly, as ignorantly, dare adventure on Physick, without the knowledge of Astrology) I resolve, these ensuing Astrological Questions.

— The sick, whither they shall recover, or not: — The party absent, whither living, or dead — How many Husbands, or Children, a Woman shall have: — Whither one shall marry the party desir'd, or whom else: — Whither a Woman has her Maiden-head or not — Or shall be honest after Marriage — Or her portion well paid: — If a man be wise, or a fool; — Whither it be good to put on new Cloaths: — If Dreams, be for good, or evil; — Whither a Child be the reputed fathers; or shall be fortunate, or not: ---- Ships at Sea, whither safe, or not: ---- Of Law-suits, which side shall have the better: ---- And generally all Astrological Questions whatever.

*Iátrós Iátrophilus Mopús,*

A Servant of God, and Secretary of Nature.

*Ast.* Hah Boyes! ---- If this wo'n't take 'um, The Devil take 'um: ---- But what are those hard words?

*Fol.* Oh ---- A Physitian, a friend to Physitians: ---- The only true thing in all his Bill; -- These Quacks, are the best friends Physitians have, they make work for 'um: What dost' think is come into my head?

D 2

*Ast.*

*Ast.* How is it possible I should know? ---- I am no *Oedipus*.

*Fol.* Why ---- This Fellow must be a Cheat, and I am confident, with a little help, would be able to do your business: ----- 'Prithee lets to him: ---- [*Enter Bea. and Cis.*] But see! ---- your Mistress; ---- To her: ----

*Ast.* This is such fortune, I forgive my stars  
All their unkindness.

*Bea.* Is this Natural? Or do you carry set-forms about you, to be us'd as occasion shall serve?

*Ast.* Faith neither ---- So much Excellence, must needs inform a Statue, and make a very Post Rhetorical.

*Bea.* Demonstrations? ---- Why how now Mr. *Afterwiss*?

*Ast.* Just as you see: ---- How d' you like him?

*Fol.* Well said: ---- To her again: ---- If I can make no sport, I'll marr none: ---- How now *Cis*?

*Cis.* The better for your asking, I thank you Sir.

*Fol.* Hark you: ---- A word: ---- [*Fol. and Cis. walk aside.*]

*Ast.* So fair, and so unkind! ---- Sure Nature dotes,  
She twists such contradictions, or what's worse,  
Has lost her wits, and would have all, like her.

*Bea.* Whence this new fury? ----

*Ast.* Can you read your self,  
And ask that question? Were you made thus lovely,  
To make me miserable? ---- Would you'd less  
Divinity, or more Humanity.

*Bea.* Then you're in Love it seems? Or at least would  
Make me believe it: ---- Do n't I know, you Men  
Speak anything? ---- Women are fools, and can't  
For shame, but credit it: ----

*Ast.* You wrong my Truth:  
By all that's good. ----

*Bea.* No more: -- Admitting yet,  
What I can scarce believe; ---- Why must you crop  
That flower, which as it grows, may peradventure  
Look fair, and lovely, but, once gather'd, withers?  
Give me a Love refin'd; A Love, that flames  
Upon it self, not fed with grosser fuel;  
A Love, that loves the Virtue, not the Sex.

# THE CHEATS.

21

*Ast.* And such is mine: ---- But fancy not this new  
Philosophy of immaterial flames;  
Hearts may meet Hearts, and Souls, piquere with Souls;  
But if they come no nearer than the Eyes,  
For want of matter to maintain 'um, dye.

*Bea.* Be judge your self: ---- Who but the needy pray  
Once fill your belly, yo've no more to say,

*Ast.* Yes ---- to give thanks, and ruminate upon  
Those blessings, which grow faster, than we reap 'um:  
Come, come, be wise, and trifle not away  
That youth, would make an Emperor too happy;  
All seek their like; And like the Needle, tremble,  
And never settle, till it reach that North:  
I'd rather be an Owle, than Phœnix,  
If I must live alone: ----

*Bea.* These Morals Sir,  
Might have been better spent; But since you'll needs:  
Make me believe you love me ---- Court my father;  
For, notwithstanding the Respect I bear you,  
I must declare, I've neither eyes, nor ears,  
To any thing, but what he shall direct.

*Fol.* You need say no more: ---- Mind what I told you, and  
leave the rest to me. [*He speaks this to Cis.*] What? have  
you done yet? ---- A good Souldier now, would have carry'd the  
Town, with half this do: ---- Ha' done your Grace for shame, and  
fall to your meat.

*Ast.* Sure my father went to Heaven, I am so unfortunate; —  
Well, be it as twill, I love you; and were I to speak seven year, I  
could, but say the same thing. --- Come — I'll wait on you.

*Exeunt.*

A C T.

## THE CHEATS.

## A C T. II. S C E. 3.

Enter

*Scruple, Mrs. Whitebroth.*

*Sc.* I Can't away with it; — unfeignedly, I cannot. — A man may profess; it is lawful — Yea, assuredly it is; And therefore I say, I profess, If any of my flock, shall so much as straggle into his pastures, I say, I profess, I shall not only turn them out of my fold, for rotten sheep, but they shall for ever be to me, as Publicans; That is to say, As the Learned have most ingeniously observ'd; *Publicanus, quasi, publicus canis.*

*M. W.* Why good Mr. *Scruple* — A Member should not be cut off for one failing.

*Sc.* Good me no goods, Good Mrs. *Whitebroth*; — I tell thee here (sister of mine) it is a wilful failing; — A very wilful failing.

*M. W.* For why I pray? — The man is learned: — I am sure he told me all my Husband's distemper, before he so much as saw him.

*Sc.* Told ye! — I, there's the point — And I must tell you too, he must needs use some unlawful means.

*M. W.* Alas — It cannot be: — His Wife (good woman) is one of us; And do you think, if he were such, he would ever suffer it?

*Sc.* Why there's the blind: — The woman, is a good sister-lie woman, and an often frequenter; which, he allows of, only to deceive the World, as if he were — ! Well — well — Mark what I say — If he has not made some secret, express contract, with Satan, I'll be your Teacher no longer; — If you had ever read Doctor *Faustus*, this would not be so strange to you.

*M. W.* Now goodness defend it!

*Sc.* Come, come, — 'Tis great pity, it is not look't into: — I dare undertake, had this Fellow set up in *Spain*, he had been in the Inquisition long ere this — But we; The more light we have, the less we see; — We are wilfully, stiff-neckedly blind; Indeed we are,

*M. W.*

**M. W.** Be not too rash : — Many a good body's wrong'd, or many of our Brethren, and sisters, are not what they should be.

**Sc.** Yes — That was alwayes the malice of the Devil, and his instruments ; — But this Fellow, is a profest Reprobate ; — I have read his Bills, and spoken with several, that have been with him, And they tell me, he has a Globe, ever standing upon his Table, and never answers any question propos'd, without first turning that ; — And why may not the Devil be in that Globe, as well as in the Pummel of *Paracelsus's* Sword, and *Dr. Dee's* Chrystal ? — D' you mark me that Gentlewoman ? — Answer me that.

**M. W.** Nay, pray Mr. *Scruple* — I must go : — All that he told me, was without his Globe : — I mean no hurt.

**Sc.** That may be something in the case : — Let me see — what say the *Casuits* ? — If any thing help you, it must be the intention ; And that, we are forc'd to make use of in many cases ; especially, such as we cannot hinder, and correct the viciousness of the means, by the purity of the end : — For example now — If a Woman, great with Child, long for another man, besides her Husband, and this Husband will not give consent ; In this case we say, (and so we generally agree) that she may follow her natural inclination ; Provided alwayes, she have no intention of sin, but only to satisfy her longing ; — For, *Actus, non facit reum, nisi mens sit rea* : —

**M. W.** Now blessing on you good Sir — I alwayes thought so.

**Sc.** In like manner — If a young woman, of a godly Parentage, do fall into a holy Fornication (not out of Lust, but Love) and thereupon prove with Child ; In such case we say, That it may be lawful to procure Abortion, provided alwayes, it be not done, with an intention of Murder, but only to save Life, or Reputation : — Nay further, lest the Profession should be scandal'd by it, we hold it better, to trust Providence, by forswearing the Fact, than to fall into the hands of men, by confessing the infirmity of the flesh : — And in this (as many other things) we agree with some Gentlemen broad ; And truly, where we do differ, the difference between us, is so fine, and nice, we can hardly perceive it our selves : — There is (as the School-men term it) an *Identificadunity* of Principles, common to us both. — They have their private scrifts, so we : — They call it a venial sin with a sister, and in case of

nec sity



necessity can forgive a Neighbours Wife, so we : — They allow regulating by Tumults, so we : — And lastly, They deny all this in plain words, but grant it in effects, so we.

M. W. But what's this to me ? — May not I go ? — Good Mr. *Scruple.*

Sc. If your intention be right, you may : — However, for fear of the worst, I will go with you ; I should be loth to lose one of the best sheep in my flock, for want of a little care : — Come Mrs. *Whitebroth*, I did not think to have done so much ; — But you have such a winning way with you — Such a power upon me, I can deny you nothing — Indeed I cannot : — Come — We must now and then comply with one anothers weakness. *He leads her off.*

M. W. 'Tis a good hearing Sir : — I thank you. *Exeunt.*

A C T. II. S C E. 4.

Enter

*Bilboe, leading Mrs. Double Diligence;  
Tuere Tu, leading Mrs. Mopus.*

Bil. C Ome Gipsie ; — How came you to light on this house : — 'Tis a rare convenience.

M. D. Oh ! she's our Midwife.

T. T. And faith, they are good necessary things ; and generally tractable, before they grow rich.

M. M. How do you know ? — I never met you here before.

T. T. Time enough now.

M. D. But pray Major, is this Gentleman marry'd ?

Bil. Hang him Rogue ; — Every mans Boots serve his turn.

T. T. And better so, than going bare-foot : — I am not marry'd (sweet Lady) but a Lover still.

M. D. A pretty Gentleman.

M. M. He was, you would have said, had you known him, when I knew him first : — But now —

T. T. As good as ever my Gidle : — Dear *Mopus!* [*He hugs her.*]

M. M.

M. M. Away Captain: — You do so moufle one.

Bil. Nay, have a care of him — I say no more.

M. M. Marry — I hope you are not in earnest.

T. T. And thou hast no more wit, than to believe him! As sound as a Bell wench — As sound as a Bell. *He Capers.*

M. M. Indeed Captain, I hope the best: — But sure there's somewhat in't, he does not fine up himself, as he was wont.

T. T. I seldom regard fashions — Any thing serves me; — *Drape de Berry* in the Summer, keeps out the heat; and *Stuffe* in the Winter, lets it in: — I must confess, I have three or four as rich Suits, for Flanders Lace, Gimp, and Embroydery, as any in the Town.

M. M. But where are they good Captain? Where are they?

T. T. Why faith, I have had 'um all in my head, this Twelve-month, but could never yet get one of 'um upon my back.

M. M. Troth Captain, 'twould not be amiss at this time, if you open'd your head, and took one of 'um out.

T. T. The Jade's too hard for me: — Heark you: — [*He picks her pocket.*]

M. M. O good Captain — It must buy the Child a new Coat.

T. T. Hang him Brat; — One of thy old Petticoats will serve: — Bestow money upon Puppy-Dogs!

M. M. You alwayes serve me thus: — Pray Captain — Give me some oft again. [*He leads her aside, and whispers.*]

T. T. Not a Cross by this good light; — D' you hear me?

Bil. And must thy Major have no Hatchments? — 'Prithee disburse, disburse; — Dear Landlady: — [*He hugs her.*]

M. D. Indeed I have no money; — One would think your Meat, Drink, Lodging, Washing, and Wringing, were worth somewhat.

Bil. Irish Beef, By this good *Tilbury* — Nothing but Sheeps Heads, and Irish Beef.

M. D. 'Tis but too good for you, unless you were more thankful: — Many an honest Gentleman would be glad of your Orts.

Bil. 'Prithee — My best Landlady: — Let the small Gem, or the superfluous Pett coat march.

M. D. I will not alwayes endure this; — For once — But shall we be merry then? [*She plucks out a piece wrapt up.*]

E

*Bil.*

*Bil.* As merry as thou wilt my Joe : --- Hang pinching , we'll never pine our selves, though our Heirs smart for't.

*M. D.* Here Major --- Here's an old *Elizabeth*, has not seen light these seven years.

*Bil.* And ev'n let her go --- She has been Pris'ner long enough of all conscience : --- Come Captain, let's be merry.

*T. T.* By this hand 'tis true : --- [ *Speaking to Mrs. Mopus.* ]  
I love thee above all flesh alive : --- Fear nothing --- All's well, and as right as my Leg.

*Bil.* And that's crooked to my knowledge.

*M. M.* Nay good Sir , --- You do but jest :

*T. T.* Hang him --- Hang him --- I have said enough --- And now I'm for you : --- *Be true Cuckolds, Be true, Be true, &c.*

[ *He sings.* ]

*M. M.* Hoop Holyday ! --- That's old.

*T. T.* You are for new faces too ! --- Pray Major, Will you oblige this Lady ?

*Bil.* Who I ? --- With all my heart --- But I've got so strange a Cold, and drunk so much French Wine of late, that ( by this old Companion of my side ) 'twill be, but once remov'd from howling.

*M. D.* However --- Pray venture --- I never knew a good voice, without an excuse : --- Pray try.

*Bil.* My Landlady might command me any thing --- But I'm so out of Tune --- *Ta—La, La, La,—* Hang't.

*T. T.* Let him alone, and you wo'nt be rid of him --- He's like the blind Beggars of *Bolonia*, a man must give 'um a Half-penny to sing, and Two-pence to hold their tongues,

#### BILBOB SINGS.

1.

*Come give me the Wench that is mellow,  
And a Pox take all Fools that are yellow:*

*'Tis the Horne, the Horne,*

*The advancing of the Horne,*

*Dubbs a Cuckold, an Aldermans Fellow.*

2. *Let*



# THE CHEATS.

27

2. *Let no man disorder his rest,  
By believing Bulls feathers in's Crest,  
When yo've said what you can,  
A Cuckold, is a man,  
Or most of our Fathers were Beasts.*

3. *Then let us sing At it, and At it;  
And let ev'ry one catch, that ear  
All Opinions agree,  
In one of these Three,  
The Horn, the Pot, or the Plaque.*

*Bil.* La' you now — Did not I tell you as much? — I'll have my Pipes clear'd, against we meet next.

*M. D.* But when shall that be?

*Bil.* When you will, provided it be for all Night, and out of Town.

*M. D.* That's impossible.

*Fol.* Not at all — You may leave word, you are gone to a Womans Labour.

*M. D.* Hah! Hah! — But her Husband —

*Bil.* What?

*M. D.* — Will discover the contrary.

*M. M.* Puh — Puh! — Never let that trouble you: — His knowledge, does not lie that way: — You know Captain, I have slipt a man into his Tables ere now, and he not a farthing the wiser.

*T. T.* I that thou hast, I'll be sworn.

*Bil.* Come, come, let's in, and discourse it further: — A Bottle, and a Fiddle; and then, Good Night.

*T. T.* A match, a match: — Lead up before Major.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. II SCE. 5.

Enter

*Runter, Tyro.*

*Ru.* **W**hy you of it? — She is a handsome Gentlewoman, and her Fathers Heir.

*Ty.* Think, do you say? — I'll promise you, my stomach wambles at her already.

*Ru.* Leave it to me: — I will not do with you, as I do with my Clerk, Snip half-profits — But you know Sir — Somewhat ought to be done — *Danda est offa.*

*Ty.* Whatever you please Sir: — If this take, I will down into the Countrey, get me an able Clerk, and turn Justice of Peace.

*Ru.* And so you may: — The Alderman is gone to take the Aire, and ten to one but he makes this way homeward; I did once at distance, propose such a thing, and now I perceive you relish it, I'll present you to him: — But to pass the time till he comes — You say you are a Batchelor of Law, I'll try your wit: — I have a Case here, refer'd to me, pray observe it, and give me your opinion in't; — I take it, it runs through the whole 24 Letters: — These common Lawyers, are our younger Brothers, but they have giv'n us the start; They never let any thing come to us, but what they can make nothing of, themselves.

*Ty.* Pray Sir let me hear 't.

*Ru.* You shall — 'Tis thus. [*He reads.*] *Abigail*, a fême sole, seisd in tail, of the Maanor of *Blackacre*, makes a Feoffment in Fee to *Cutibeard*, upon condition, that if *Daniel*, shall release *Emanuel*, of, and from all Actions relating to *Ferdinand*, that then *Gregory*, shall satisfy *Humphrey*, of, and for all Marriage-portions, intended by *Feromy*, to be given *Knipperdoling*, with his Wifes daughter *Lettrice*; which, *Maximilian* perceiving, and believing that *Nicholas*, had a more than ordinary influence, upon *Oliver*, procures *Peter*, to discharge *Quintilian*, and engage *Rowland*, to estate his Wife *Susan*, in the capital Messuage of *Townswell* (with a certain Salt-marsh, and Underwoods, thereunto belonging) and stop his daughter *Urselas* mouth, with

with a Wind-mill, and a Water-mill, left her, by her Mother, where-upon *Winifred*, having lately recover'd in a pracontract, against *Xenophon*, makes a Lease to *Townker*, who releases to *Zachary*, who enters upon *Abigail*, who re-enters upon him, and ejecting him out of the Premises, burns his principal Evidences. — And now Sir, What think you? — Where has this man his Remedy?

*Ty.* I should think Sir, he were gone at common Law.

*Ru.* You are always hankering after the common Law; — How shall we hedge in the Jurisdiction of it?

*Ty.* Indeed I cannot tell — But they say, here is a learned Astrologer, that undertakes to tell such things, by the Stars; perhaps it might not be amiss to consult him.

*Ru.* Heark you — I dare trust you: — He knows no more of Law, than you, or I do: — Now by my Troth, but it is a difficult Case; and I have given my opinion in't, both wayes — The Devil is in't, if one of 'um ben't right: — But, as I told you, the Alderman: — [Enter *Whitebroth*, and *Double Diligence*.]

His Constable, and he, are a little private, about some Affairs of the Peace; They'll have done presently.

*Wh.* How do you say it was?

*D. D.* Why thus, an't please you: — I had (according to the duty of my office) just walk't my Round, when loe! About the first of the morning, we perceived a kind of glimmering, as of *Guido Faux's* Lanthorn; And we said unto it — Stand — And what art thou? And what meaneth that light, at this unseasonable hour of the Night? when presently a voyce answered — Nay, But what are ye? And we said — The Watch; And to our seeming, it said again — Harm watch, harm catch — And there fell a showre, as it had been of Chamber-pots, and we were most lewdly bepist, and some Pates broken.

*Wh.* A plain case — The King's Majesties Authority affronted; in the representative person, of my Neighbour *Double Diligence*, the Constable: — Bring 'um before me, I'll make 'um know, what's what.

*D. D.* Will it please your Worship to grant me your Warrant? I had one from Mistress's Worship, during your sickness, but could make no body obey it.

*Wh.* How? — Not obey her Warrant? — I'd have 'um to know,

know, she is (in my absence) as good a Justice of Peace, as my self, Are not Man and Wife, one person in Law? — Not obey her Warrant! — Let me see who dares deny 't! — Come Neighbour, come — I smell a Rat; — What would you say now, if this should prove, to be a Bull from the Pope? — I say no more:  
[ *Ru. and Ty. come up.* ]

*Ru.* Save you Mr. *Alderman*! — I am glad to see you so well abroad again.

*Wh.* Doctor *Runter*! My loving Friend, and Neighbour — Well met.

*Ru.* This is the Gentleman Sir, I told you of: — He is a thriving young man, and you may do what you will with him.

*Wh.* I shall be glad to be acquainted with you Sir.

*Ty.* I hope the Doctor will oblige me in't.

*Wh.* Methinks the Aire is somewhat sharp: — Come Doctor, Take your friend with you. *Exeunt.*

## A C T. III. S C E. I.

Enter

*Jolly, Afterwitt, Boy.*

*Boy.* **B**E pleased Gentlemen, to take a Turn or two, in this Room; — My father is a little private at present, with a person of Honour, but will be with you presently. *Exit.*

*Fol.* Where are we now? — Nor better, nor worse, but a downright Astrological Bawdy-house: — The Devil of any thing could I see in t' other Room, but two or three Chairs, broke in the back, half a dozen empty Gally-pots, and a Deaths-head, between two Syringes.

*Ast.* You may guess Forty times, ere you hit so right again: I believe him a better Artist at Bawdry; than Conjuring.

*Fol.* Not a jot the worse instrument: — Do but hear him, and you'll quickly judge: And if you love me, pray let me manage the Conference: — He's somewhat long — Where is this man of learning? *Enter Mopus.*

*Mo.*

Mo. Here Sir — A poor old man ; — One or other, will nev'r let him be quiet, till he's in his Grave: — Your Commands Gentlemen.

Fol. Why faith, this Gentleman, and my self, have receiv'd so large a character of you, that we are come to wait on you, in the behalf of a friend of ours.

Mo. I have done somewhat in my time ; and hope I shall never be too old to do good.

Fol. You say well : — There is a friend of ours (that for the present shall be nameless) has got a small mischance : — You may guess what I mean.

Mo. Well Sir — I apprehend you, and will set him right again.

Fol. Then you take it for granted, it must be a Man : — Suppose it be a Woman ? Does that alter the case ?

Mo. Sir, I'll deal plainly with you — If your friend be a Man, I'll cure him for Five Pieces ; but if a Woman, I shall not take her in hand under Twenty.

Fol. Why this great difference ?

Mo. O Sir, not without Reason : — The sooner you cure a Man, the sooner you have him again — He's a constant Termor — But a Woman — Ah Sir, she brings Grist to Mill ; — Cure her once, and she grows cunning, you'll hardly ever hear of her more, --- I shall not bate any thing of Twenty Pieces to cure her : But this I'll do with you, I'll patch her up against Term, for Forty Shillings.

Fol. Hah ! Hah ! — Let this satisfy you, 'tis a Man : — [ *He gives him money.* ] I'll send him to you. —

Mo. Pray do — And leave him to me : — And if there be any virtue, in *Sassa*, *Gujacum*, or *Turpentine*, you need not fear him.

Ast. A rare Rogue. [ *Aside.* ]

Fol. Well Sir — I shall : — But this is not all our business — We are well satisfied, that you are a person of occult learning — Pray Sir will you oblige us.

Mo. You look like Gentlemen, and I am confident are so — I'll be free with you : — I could discover a Secret of Nature to you, and for the expence of a brace of hundred pounds, put you in possession.

possession of it: — It will give you the knowledge of all things past, present, and to come; And long life, health, youth, blessedness, wisdom, and vertue, shall be added to it.

*Asi.* As Paper, and Pack-thread. [*Aside.*]

*Ma.* But — If you should not make a right use of it, by living soberly, temperately, and enjoying it, as if you had it not; but shall misemploy it, in swaggering, Gluttony, worldly pride, and sensuality; you shall not only lose it for the present, but be out of all hopes of finding it again for the future — And this is that which we call, Our *Magisterium, Elixar, or Rosy-crucian Pantarva*: — The father of it, is the Sun, the mother of it, the Moon, its brothers, and sisters, the rest of the Planets, the wind carries it in its belly, and the Nurse thereof, is the Earth.

*Fol.* Pray Sir proceed, and disclose this Son of Gold.

*Mo.* *Hermetically*, I shall: — It is situated in the Centre of the Earth, and yet falls neither within Centre, nor Circumference, small, and yet great; Earthly, and yet watery; Airy, and yet very fire; Invisible, yet easily found; Soft as downe, yet hard above measure; Far off, and yet near at hand: — That, that is inferiour, is as that which is superiour; and that which is superiour, is as that which is inferiour: — Separate the combustible, from the incombustible; the Earth, from the fire; the fluid, from the viscous; the hot, from the cold; the moist, from the dry; the hard, from the soft; the subtile, from the thick; sweetly, and with a great deal of judgment, *Per minima*, in the *Cavernes* of the Earth; And thou shalt see it ascend to Heaven, and descend to Earth, and receive the powers of superiours, and inferiours: — Comprehend this, and be happy: — Thou hast discover'd the Balsom of Sulphur the *Humidum radicale* of Metals, the Sanctuary of Nature, and there is little, or nothing, between thee, and the Mountain of Diamonds, and all the Spirits, of Astromancy, Geomancy, and Coschinomancy, are at your command.

*Fol.* Pray Sir, How call you that? That last again.

*Mo.* Coschinomancy Sir: That is to say, The most mysterious Art, of Sieve, and Sheers: — I must confess, I was once of the mind, to have oblig'd the World, with a Discourse upon this Subject; but since that, the World, and I, have been better acquainted, and I find it base, and unworthy.

*Fol.*



*Fol.* Troth Sir, 'tis great pity, but you went on; Such a *Quixotism* in Phylosophy, must needs please every man; for my own part, I dare promise you, you shall want neither money, nor coals, as long as this Gentlemans purse, and mine, can supply you.

*Mo.* Why truly Sir, encouragement may do much: — I am neither *Mede*, nor *Persian*, upon good demonstrative Reasons, I may be perswaded: — [ *A Bell Rings within.* ] What pity it is, ( That Beast of Mankind, that *Goth* to all good Literature, for he deserves no better expressions from me ) *Dioclesian*, burnt all the Books of this Art, and for no other Reason, but that he fear'd (forsooth) they would make Gold too common: A wise Fellow, another *Lycurgus*, to avoid drunkenness, cut down the Vines: — You see by this, he confest it feasible. [ *Enter Boy.* ]

*Boy.* Sir, I must needs speak a word with you in haste.

*Mo.* Gentlemen, I'll wait on you again, instantly.

*Fol.* By no means — We shall have further business to you, and will see you again: — We follow you. [ *Exit, Mo.* ] What say you now? Is not this a special Rogue?

*Ast.* As ever breath'd: — But to my business: — I am afraid, I shall want present money; I could never find any wheels move merrily, without greasing.

*Fol.* Nor I neither — And therefore to prevent the worst, try to get t'other 1000 *l.* of the *Alderman*; and cross-bite him, with his own money.

*Ast.* And that I can; He has offer'd it me.

*Fol.* And do it: — If a man must break, a 1000 *l.* will signifie little in the Sum: — Come, mind your business, and you cannot miscarry if you would.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T. III. S C E. 2.

Enter

*Whitebroth, Timothy.*

*Tim.* I Am glad to see your Worship tread so lustie, and strong again; — I hope, you'll be the better for't.

*Wh.* I *Tim.* 'Twould have vex't a man, to have just got an Estate,

F

state,

state, and strait pipt o're the Peach, e're he had time to look upon't: — Mr. *Scruple* put divers things, very home to me, and 'twas ten to one, but all had come out, but that I thought with my self, there was no such need yet; — Come *Tim*. leave that, and let's see how Affairs stand at present: — How have you done with your rotten Raifons — Did they yield well?

*Tim*. Troth Sir, the Wine-coopers have done their part; They have made you at least 60 Pipes of Wine out of 'um — But they advise your Worship, to get your money for 'um, before they stir out of your Cellar; for however they may be palatable enough, as long as they lie there, yet, as soon as you stir 'um, they'll kick up their Heels.

*Wh*. Good enough to be pist against a Wall, an' they were worse: — And now I think on't, you remember the Countrey Vintner, that bought the Pipe of Canarie on Shipboard, and gave it the Rascal mark, to cheat the Custom-house — See it be Cran'd off into another Pipe, and fill'd up again, with your New, what d' you call it? — 'Tis good enough for sinners; — If he discover it, you may tell him, 'tis his own mark.

*Tim*. It shall be done Sir: — But Sir, Mr. *Spendall* was to have waited on you yesterday, touching a Bond of his of 500 *l*. which he says is paid, and you promis't to deliver up.

*Wh*. O Ho! Let me see — Here 'tis — [ *He reads.* ]

*If the said Spendall shall conten', satisfie or pay, &c.* Why fee — The condition of the obligation (which is made for his benefit, and not mine) says, If he shall content: Pray tell him, (notwithstanding the payment of the money) his Bond is forfeited; for I am not contented; — Does he think I can be content with 6. per Cent? — I have no more to say to him — I'll take my course — Pray mind your own business — Have you receiv'd the Jews money? and sent him the Pack of Left-handed Gloves, I order'd you?

*Tim*. Yes Sir — 'Tis done.

*Wh*. Put tricks upon me! — Make me buy a round parcel of Gloves, and now you know I have 'um by me, if I will not bate a third part of the money, you have occasion but for half of 'um, and be hang'd: — I'll Jew you, with a Horse-pox — I have receiv'd half your money, and you shall have half the Gloves (that is to say) all the Left-handed ones — You may chance to truck 'um off, with maim'd

maim'd Souldiers, if not, I'll make you pay sawce for t'other. — Reach me that Book — And while I remember it, go into my Chamber, and upon the Table you'll find a 1000 *l.* in Half-crowns; Pray weigh 'um, one by one, and lay by such as are over weight, and see 'um melted down; — 'Tis a hard World, and fit every man make the most of his own: — [*The Bell rings.*] See, Who's at door. — [*Exit. Tim. Wh. reads.*] Taken up on *Bottomary*, upon the good Ship call'd the *Mary*, to be paid with interest, after the rate of 30 *l. per Cent.* within ten dayes after her coming to Anchor in the River of *Thames* — 1700 *l.* — So, so, That's paid, All got; — She's sunk at *New-found-land*: — Besides, I have ensur'd a 1000 *l.* upon her, my self — How wealth trowles in, upon an honest man! — The Master deserves a 100 *l.* extraordinary for this, and shall have it; This is the fifth Ship, he has sunk for me. — *Item*, paid the Irish Army, in *Peru Dollers* — I! there's a sweet business! — [*Enter Tim.*] Who's that?

*Tim.* Sir, Mr. *Afterwitt* desires to see you.

*Wh.* Stay him a while without, I'll be for him presently: — Here's a Squire too, will be worth me somewhat: Let me see his account — Lent his father, upon judgment — 4000 *l.* — *Item* — More upon a Statute — 3000 *l.* *Item*, upon Mortgage — 2500 *l.* — *Item*, upon his own Account; upon Bond — 500 *l.* — *Item*, more — 300 *l.* *Item*, bound to me for other men — 1000 *l.* — Pox o' these Bonds, I must perswade him to take another 1000 *l.* and hedge all, into one good Mortgage: — To see how this World goes round: — My Great-Grandfather was a wealthy Citizen, and left my Grandfather, a Gentleman forsooth! But what between my Father, and him, they so order'd the business, that they left me, nev'r a Groat. — This Fellows Grandfather, was a Law-driver, and swallow'd my Father up; His Father set the Estate a moving, and this, will set it quite away: — His first Ancestor, cheated mine, and I hope I shall be able, to requite his love, upon his posterity: — Thus you see, the wheel comes round, to the same point again — This City, is like the Sea; few Estates, but ran o' t at first, and will run into 't at last: — *Timothy!* [*Enter Tim.*] — Desire my friend to walk in. [*Enter Afterwitt.*] Mr. *Afterwitt*! The welcomest man alive — You were wont to come and sit with me; But now — You're grown such a Courtier, you forget your old friends — 'On

my Conscience you want money, or I had not seen you now — Away with 't — 'Tis all but dirt — You shall not want 1000 l. as long as I can help you; Nay, 'an twere 10000. to do you good — The son of my old friend!

*Ast.* I thank you Sir, and shall make use of you; — But I'll promise you, this was purely visit. [ *The Waytes*

*Wh.* I am the more beholding to you: — *play within.* ]  
Heark *Tim*! Beat out those Rogues — What would they have?

*Tim.* They are the Waytes Sir — They bid you good morrow every morning, and are now come to congratulate your Worships Recovery.

*Wh.* I'll give 'um nothing — They are the cause of more Beggars, and Bastards — When a man would sleep quietly, they wake him, and be hang'd; And then the good Woman plucks him by the Sleeve, and cries — Heark Husband — Heark — The Waytes — Heark! — Come Mr. *Ast.* we'll out of the noise; — 'Tis as dreadful to me, as the last Trump. *Exeunt.*

## A C T. III. S C E. 3.

Enter

*Scruple, Mrs Whitebroth, conducted by a Boy.*

*Sc.* **T**Is a fine Child — I'll try his Wit — How far have you learnt Youth?

*Boy.* *Sententia Pueriles*, Sir.

*Sc.* A good Boy! You may in time come to your *Genus*, and *Species*.

*Boy.* I am past that already — *Qua genus, aut flexum variant, quocunque novato Ritu deficiunt, superantve, Heteroclitia sunt.*

*Sc.* A most emphatical description of us (*sister Whitebroth*) — We are a kind of *Heteroclitites*, and oftentimes sav'd, even contrary to Rules: — A witty Child: — Let's see — *Byssus, Abyssus* — How render you that?

*Boy.* *Byssus*, A bottomless Pit; *Abyssus*, A more bottomless Pit.

*Sc.* A — Child, Thou art in the right; There is a Great — great — great Bottomless bottom; — Indeed there is.

*Boy.* Please you to give me leave to ask you one word.

*Sc.* With all my heart Child — What is 't?

*Boy.*

Boy. What's the English of *Adolescentior*?

Sc. *Adolescentior*! — Hum! *Adolescentior*! — Haw! —  
*Adolescentior* — I — That is as much as to say — *Adolescentior*: — (Now fye Child! Ask questions with that dirty face! — Go wash it Child — Go wash it: — Fye Child! fye!)

Boy. It signifies a Ladder; *Adolescens*, a Lad; *Adolescentior*, a Lad-der.

Sc. I profess, I did not observe it: — I see a man may live, and learn every day: — Go Child, wash your face, and let your father know I am here.

Boy. Yes Sir — I shall.

*Exit Boy.*

Sc. Now indeed Mrs. *Whitebroth*, this is your fault; — I am present in body, but absent in mind: — I could chide you now — But I hear him coming — [ *Enter Mopus, as from his study.* ] Did not I tell you of that Globe? — 'Tis well I did not venture you, by your self: — I'll sift him.

Mo. Worthy Sir, and you good Madam, most welcome: — Be pleas'd to let me know your Commands, and you shall see, I am so great a Reverencer of your Coat, that my whole Art shall lie at your feet.

Sc. He speaks like other men: — [ *Aside.* ] — You call it right; It is a Coat indeed, no Cassock, but a good, plain, honest, distinguishing Jump; — But to our business; — I have heard Sir, That you are a man of Art, and therefore, I would fain know of you, what you conceive, of this notable Conjunction, in *October* next, which, the Learned believe to be the fore-runner of *Dooms-day*, if not the thing it self.

Mo. You mean Sir, that of the two superiour Planets, *Saturn*, and *Jupiter*, in *Sagittarius*?

Sc. The same; What may it portend? — Good; or Evil?

Mo. Much good no doubt; — Wherein, though I dare not be too positive, yet, as far as *Trismegistus*, *Albohazen*, *Haly*; — *Mes-sahala*, *Zael*, *Rabbi Abraham*; — *Alubater*, *Arvenezra*, *Albumacer*; — *Guido*, *Bonetus*, *Hispalensis*, *Firminus*; — *Alchindus*, *Proclus*, *Monte-regius*; — *Albertus Teutonicus*, *Averrois*, — And the most ancient *Chaldeans*, *Egyptians*, *Moors*, *Jews*, or *Arabians*, have discours'd, either this, or the like, I shall give you my opinion.

Sc. I profess, a great red Man!

Mo. And here, we are to observe, which of the two Planets, *Sa-*  
*turn*,



*turn*, and *Jupiter* (This, the very best, That, the very worst) is strongest, at the time of his Conjunction, for according to his nature, will the effects follow.

*Sc.* In truth, learnedly — Pray Sir on.

*Mo.* The last Conjunction of these two Planets, happened —

*Sc.* Pray Sir, no chance, or happening: — Was, I pray.

*Mo.* Then, Was, in *February*, 1643, in 25 Degrees of *Pisces*, a sign of the watrie Triplicities (not known in nature before) which produced those monstrous Actions, not heard of in the World before; And now, forasmuch as this Conjunction is in *Sagittary*, the Day-house, and Triplicity of *Jupiter*, we may conclude, it is the more considerable, in regard they have wholly left the *Aquatick Trigon*, and will for manie Years make their Conjunction, in the fierie Tranquillitie: For when anie alteration, from one *Trigon*, to his contrarie, happens —

*Sc.* Good Sir, no happening — Let me beseech you — for look you, & you see, as this — Good Sir — Things come not by hap, or chance.

*Mo.* Well, what you please — It is impossible, but that some admirable effects, quite opposite to the former, must needs follow: — And of this opinion, is the learned *Haly*, and generally, all the Antients, and Moderns. *Sc.* But suppose it should be otherwise?

*Mo.* Then we're mistaken; And that's verie unlikelie amongst so manie learned men: — As we ordinarilie converse in the world, we may be mistaken; but in *Cathedra* (That is to say, our studies) 'tis impossible.

*Sc.* A pretty word for a Study — *Cathedra, quasi Cathedra*: — But pray Sir, what effect do you conceive, this Conjunction may have, upon the Whore of *Babylon*?

*Mo.* Why trulie, that is somewhat uncertain; in regard it will depend so much, upon that great Eclipse, of *Sol*, in *Cancer*, in the house of the Moon, the 22. day of *June*, 1666. and will appear, almost Total, at *Rome*; for my part, I expect, some or other should marrie her up, and make an honest woman of her, or otherwise (as Mr. *Brightman*, upon his pair Royal of Sixes, has most excellentlie observed) she is likelie to get such a Clap, she'll hardly claw it off again in haste.

*Ru.* I do profess, you have handled the point, notable — I am convinc'd — There is no Devil in this Globe. M.W.



M. W. La' you now Mr. *Scruple*! — You'll trust me another time, won't you?

Sc. Reproach not my good meaning: — Certainlie Sir, you must needs have added some rare Collections, to your own observation.

Mo. Yes, I have some Toyes (for so the world esteems 'um) how-ever to me, they are Jewels.

Sc. As what good Sir?

Mo. Manie, manie — In particular, a Treatise of the Philosophers stone, written originallie by *Fanbosbar*, *Adam's* Tutor, whom likewise you find recorded in the *Indian* Books, written by *Isazarith*, about a hundred Years before his time.

Sc. I thought Letters had not been so antient.

Mo. Alas! There were divers verie good Authors, writ before the Flood; I have some half a dozen of 'um within, if I could tell where to find 'um: — Men of my profession, cannot well be without 'um: — When I see you next, I'll shew you the verie *Antographum*, by which *Seth*, drew his Pillars.

Sc. Yes, that were worth the seeing: — And now I find you so near the flood, give me leave to try your learning: — Give me the exact time, and the language of that time and I'll say you're a Scholar.

Mo. For the time; It was (according to our latter computation) the 5th. day of *June*, in the 1656. Year of the world, one Month, and 17. dayes, nor more, nor less; And by all good Tokens, upon a *Fryday*, *Sol* in *Gemini*, the Dominical letter of that Year, *D*, fifteen minutes preciselie after Sun-setting.

Sc. I see, you're verie exact.

Mo. Alas! We must be so; Half a minutes loss, so manie Years ago, had been the Lord knows what by this time: — Then for the language; notwithstanding anie thing that has been said, to prove it *High-dutch*, I am clearlie of opinion, it was *Hebrew*, or some other *Fargon*.

Sc. Nay there, you must bate me an Ace; for though I look upon it as obscure, as the head of *Nile*, yet as far as it may be lawful to pry, into unreveal'd mysteries, I dare boldlie pronounce it to have been, Welch.

Mo. Welch! — *Afedrweh chwi Gymeraeg?*

Sc. Why trulie no; But I have a little look't into the learning of the Tongue, and that for two Reasons: The one, for the honour of my

my Nurse; for I am to tell you, I suck't a Welch-nurse, and so by a *Synecdoche*, [ *He pronounces it long.* ] may be call'd a Welchman; — The other, That I have observ'd, it makes an excellent sound in a Countrey-Church, and consequentlie, is *Tant — a — mount*, to all the Eastern languages, and I'll promise you, as *Guttural* (that is to say, *Throateral*) — *Y Cradog, Crûgog, Crogwch, Y Gwan-wr hûll fû gân (r) hwb.*

*Mo.* O' my word there's more than *Kawse Pobi*, in this; — Pray Sir, how do you English it?

*Sc.* It matters not; Or if it did, 'tis not the custom; — But I had almost lost the Argument, I say 'twas Welch, and thus I prove it: — 'Tis confest of all hands, That before the confusion of Tongues, there was but one language; which being so, 'tis more than probable, That *Gomer*, the first Grand-child of *Noah*, and first Ancestor of the Welchmen, spake the same language, that his Grandfather did, and that from him, by a continu'd succession, it has been deriv'd to them: — For Example; — Ask a Welchman at this day, what Countrey-man he is, he will answer, *Cymro glân*, A true Welchman; That is to say, *Gomera glân*: — In like manner, for his language, *Gymeraege*, quasi *Gomeraege*, both from *Gomer*: — And trulie, I take the *Cimbrians*, to be much the same; *Cimbri*, quasi *Cambri*, quasi *Cymri*, quasi *Gomeri*; — And again, *Mumgumry*, quasi *Mount Gomery*, the verie seat, of *Gomer* himself.

*Mo.* This is, *Draper, Diaper; Napkin, Nipkin; Pipkin, King Pepin.*

*Sc.* Most excellent, I see you have study'd *Etymology*; — I might yet further, and ( I think ) without much difficultie, make it out, That the Mountains of *Ararat*, were *Penmenmaure* in *Wales*; And the most antient *Egyptians*, originally Welch, as may be more than suspected, from their Deification of *Leeks*: — But I had rather come nearer home — What pray, were the *Galli Senones*, that sack't *Rome*? Welchmen, no doubt; The very name speaks it: *Gallus — Guallus*, or *Wallus* — A Welchman; — In like manner, the *Gallo-Gracians*, under *Brennus*; The same; *Brennus* — *Brenn*, or *Brenning* — A King in Welch: — But what do I go about to prove that, which no body dares deny? — I'll give you but one smart parting blow — The red streakt Apple, which makes such excellent *Sider*, what was it originallie, but the welch Crab?

*Mo.* Sir, you have shewn your self a person, of no ordinary learning;  
And

And because I see, you are a *virtuoso*, Be pleas'd to walk in with me, and I may chance to shew you some Rarities, not unworthy your perusal: — And you Madam, if you have any commands for me, I'll receive 'um there.

Sc. We'll follow you Sir.

*Exeunt.*

A C T. III. S C E. 4.

Enter

*Whitebroth, Tyro, Timothy.*

*Wb.* **Y**ou're welcom Sir; And I have heard so well of you, from the Doctor, our friend, That I'll shew you fair Play; — Catch her, and take her: — *Timothy.*

*Tim.* Your pleasure Sir.

*Wb.* Go bid my Daughter come hither. — [*Exit Tim.*] 'Tis a good Girle, and will make a good Wife; And I hope, who ever marries her, will be a good Husband to her: — She will deserve it, though I say it.

*Ty.* Never fear it Sir; If ever I kill her, 'twill be with kindness; — My mother would always say, [*Enter Beatrice.*] I was the best natur'd thing!

*Wb.* Come hither *Beatrice*: — I am going abroad, and will leave you, to entertain this Gentleman, till I come again.

*Bea.* I shall obey you Sir. [*Tyro, goes backward, scraping.*]

*Wb.* Nay to her man; Never fall into the Rear, when you should charge.

*Ty.* I warrant you Sir for one: [*Exit Whit.*] [*Tyro struts.*]

*Bea.* What (in the name of Goodness) have we here? — By my Father's last words, it should be a Sweetheart (forsooth) -- how it struts, like a Crow in a Gutter! — I have a great mind to hear it speak. [*All this aside.*]

*Ty.* Methinks (Madam) this is a very fine Room.

*Bea.* It cannot be otherwise Sir, while you are in it.

*Ty.* A—las good Madam — 'Tis your Goodness—Truly— Pray what a Clock do you count it?

*Bea.* He has a mind to shew his Watch; But I'll prevent him: [*Aside.*] 'Tis much about four Sir.

G

*Ty.*

Ty. I have a thing in my Pocket, corrects the Sun. [*He pulls out, a large brass Watch.*]

Bea. How do you call it good Sir?

Ty. The Vulgar, call it a Watch; but according to the learned, 'tis a *Trochleal Horadeixe*.

Bea. He that made it, was as little sparing of his stuffe, as t'other of his breath, that New-christen'd it, by so stubborn a Name.

Ty. Will your Ladiship be pleas'd to accept it? — I assure you, 'tis at your service; It shall be part of your *Parafernalie*.

Bea. By no means Sir: — You speak in Phrase.

Ty. Alas (Madam) 'tis the way of the learned; -- Term, is three quarters of the Art: — Here's this now — [*He points to a wooden Standish.*] I warrant you, you would have call'd it an Ink-box, or at best, a Standish.

Bea. It appears no other to me at present.

Ty. Nor yet to me: — But the word's too common; a Butcher would have said as much — Oh no — 'Tis a ligneous Pixid, accomodated with two plumbeous Receptracles, or stanneous Repositories, for Ink, and Sand; — Or, more Laconically — An *Es critoire*.

Bea. You're very learned Sir!

Ty. Thanks to a good Tutor, some small foundation: — I must present you something — [*He takes out a Flagilett.*] What say you to this? Your better sort of Gentlemen, seldom go without one of 'um, in their Pocket.

Ast. A Suitor say'st thou! 'Tis a Puppet: — [*As Tyro plays, Enter Ast. speaking to Tim.*]

Tim. You may be too confident Sir.

Ast. There — [*He gives Tim. money.*] — And if your Master come to hear of it, tell him, I was drunk.

Tim. I shall Sir. [*Exit Tim. — Ast. reels.*]

Ast. How now? — Where's this *Alderman*? — What have we got here? A Glister-pipe? — [*He strikes off Tyro's Hat, and kicks him.*]

Bea. Forbear Sir — Know where you are.

Ty. The Hat cost more money, than to be made a Foot-ball.

Ast. Ha! Reply? — Madam, your Fan.

Ty. Murder — Murder — Murder — [*Exit Tyro, and runs against a Post.*]

Bea.

*Bea.* Was there ever such rudeness? [*She offers to go out.*]

*Ast.* Nay — You shall only stay, to see I am not drunk; — I thought this, the best disguise I could use, to keep your father from believing, I made any pretences to you: — Well (Madam) I love you, and you know it; — You may be proud: — Farewell.

*Exit.*

*Bea.* A mad Wooer! — However, would my Father lik'd him, *Ex.*

A C T. III. S C E. 5.

Enter

*Whitebroth, Runter, Timothy, Double Diligence; All the Women: And Scruple, leading two of them.*

*Run.* Good Mr. *Scruple*, satisfy my Conscience: — An Oath adds no legality to the Action; If I swear to kill a man, must I do it?

*Sc.* Why thus: — Hum — Haw — [*He grows pettish.*] Conscience me, no Conscience; I came not hither to resolve any man's Conscience; It is not my way — Truly I hope Neighbours, — [*He alters his voice.*] I may not only hope, but dare say, That you are all so well satisfy'd, of what I have deliver'd to you, that you are really convinc'd, that they are Truths not to be question'd: — You know I meddle not with Conscience, I came to teach ye: — [*He raises his voice.*] Did I for this, preach up the Holy Covenant? Told you, you must deny Learning, and Reason, and give the Good Cause, a lift: — Was it for this, That, that zealous Son of Thunder, *Mas' Andrew*, told you, That he came to you with a Commission, to bid you subscribe, That it was a spiritual Contract in letters of flesh; and that he came a wooing to you, for him that had commissioned him, and therefore call'd upon you, to come, and be handfasted, by subscribing the Contract? Did I for this, convince you, of the lawfulness of the thing, and, as it were, compel you to the Wedding? And will you call that Holy Violence, a Spanish Inquisition? — Have I done all this? And will you now fall back? — Shall our old Lease run out? — And the Land be sow'd with Cockles again? — Ah — Ha —

G 2

[*The*



[ *The Women answer him; with a long drawn* — Hui.

*Ra.* This is not the point; — I cannot deny, but that I took it my self; But then, was then; and now, is now.

*Sc.* Ah — Be stedfast, and do not believe I speak this out of any particular *Egoism*, or fond lishness, to my self — Ah — No — This thing of selfishness, is a very nothingness — A meer — meer. — Ah — do but consider it — [ *He is out, and turns it off.* ]

( *And pray Neighbours there, leave your whispering, and mind the matter in hand.* ) — Hum — I say — Hum — Do but consider,

what acting, wonder-working, advancing, and Christian-comforting times, these were: — How the rebuke of the poor, bely'd, slander'd people, was taken away, and their Reputation clear'd! —

Ah — Ah — What great things were wrought upon the spirits of men, even through the bowels of difficulty! — Aa — Anti-christ was dying in his limbs, nay, dying upwards; And this Kingdom that was once so given up to it, that it was call'd, The Popes Ass — Ah — How was it become ( as the Assembly most happily found it out ) the chief of the Ten Horns, that were to gore the

Whore; — Ah — Aa — Good people, do not fear — There are more Assemblies coming, and more Puries opening, to carry on the work — Aa — Comfort your selves, That though these Land-

destroying sins of Superstition, Innovation, and Idolatry, were sins in the Kingdom, they were not sins of the Kingdom; And a Nation was never destroy'd, without National sins: — Mark that Beloved,

pray mark that: — [ *The women again.* — Hui — ] Aa — Rouze up your selves, and let this beget in you ( as it were ) —

Hum — Haw — new-spiritual-mouth-waterings; — Let it not be said of you, That you began well, but gave it over, when there was most need of you — Aa — No — If we must perish, 'tis better

to perish in hope, than fear — Aa — We must be a doing people, as well as a saying people: — [ *The women again.* — Hui — ]

It is not enough that you have done well already, but you must press forward, and like the *Grecian*, that when his hands were cut off, clapt hold with his teeth: — Ah — Aa — Do you but stand in the

Gap, and there is a Block in the way; It cannot be got over; The Nation cannot be destroy'd, as long as you are in't: — Ah — Then, do not depend in this day of Tryal, this day of treading down, and

not building up — Aa — Give not up this *Good Old Cause*, which you



you have so long contended for, with so much precious blood, and so much precious Treasure — Aa — forsake it not, lest the Malignants rejoyce, lest the Malignant, and disaffected, say, *You've fought to much purpose*: — Aa — Bear it yet but a little, and you will see *Dagon* totter, and when he is once running down hill, he will not stop, till he come to th' bottom: — [*Here he sinks his voice.*] In the mean time — Ah — What remains? But that (so far as the Sword is yet out of our hands) — Ah — But that we as it were descend from our selves, in petitioning for Toleration, and preservation of our mortal bodies, against the rude Enemy; And that we promise, to be their Servants in every thing, that we shall judge to be righteous. [*Here, All — Hui, --*]

*Ru*, There, I hold with you, good Mr. *Scruple*; And the *Codes*, are of the same opinion — *Tempori, aptare decet*: — Come let's in, and consult the Form.

*Sc*. I am for no Form: — Yea, I hate the name, I abominate it: — *Forma, bonum fragile est.* *Exeunt.*

A C T. IV. S C E. I.

Enter.

*Bilboe*, and *Titere Tu*, fighting; *Bilboe* drives *Titere Tu*, round the Stage.

*Bil.* I'll make a Rogue of you, Sirrah!

*T. T.* Why Major — Nay, good Major — Have a care.

*Bil.* Thou Son of a Woman; -- Do'st think men are Bulls, and get their money by roaring? — Cheat me of my share, you Dog? ---

[*T. T. has one leg over.*] Are you earthing, you Rogue? -- I'll unkenneel you.

*T. T.* Nay Major --- Major --- What d' you mean? --- Nay --- Nay --- Nay --- Flesh, and blood is not able to endure this: ---

[*He takes his Sword in both hands, winks, and runs at 'other; Bilboe runs off: --*] Nay, I am bound to follow no man; -- Do you think I'm oblig'd, to fight you by the Mile? [*Bilboe peeps in.*]

*Bil.* The Rogue's afraid, or he had mischief me: --- [*He comes on again.*] --- Sa --- Sa --- Sa --- Sa ---

*T. T.*

*T. T.* Hold, Major, hold ; -- 'fore *George*, you might have spoil'd a man so.

*Bil.* Why Sirrah — You stinking, lousie, Totterdemallion ; you Raggamuffin, Tarrarag Rogue — Who made you a Captain ? — Was it not I ? — Speak.

*T. T.* No troth was it not ; — 'Twas ev'n the Box-keeper of the three Kings, and the Fleece Link-boyes, made us both : — You, a Major, and me, a Captain.

*Bil.* Why thou *Rotterdam* Villain — Deny it if thou canst ; --- Did not I pick thee up, at a Three-penny Ordinary, brought you into Gentlemens company ; Dub'd you a Knight of the Blade ; Taught you the method of making new plots, and borrowing half a Crown of your Landlady, upon the hopes of 'um ; And after all this, sign'd your Certificate, to make you capable, of those Arrears, you never fought for ; And do you now forget your Patroon, sirrah ? Do you forget your Patroon ?

*T. T.* And good Major, recollect your self too, if you please --- Do'nt you know, that I know, That you were never above a Corporal, in all your life ; And that too, not till fighting was quite out of fashion ? — — Bow the stick on t'other side, and 'twill be strait.

*Bil.* I must kill the Rogue : — (*They fight again, as before.*) 'Twas bravely fought : — Thou hast acquitted thee like a man of mettle : — Let's breath.

*T. T.* Did not I (if you are yet cool enough to hear truth) teach you, your Top, your Palm, and your Slur ? — Shew'd you the mystery, of your Jack in a Box, and the frail Dye ? — Taught you the use of Up-hills, Down-hills, and Petarrs ? — The Waxt, the Grav'd, the Slipt, the Goad, the Fullam, the Flat, the Bristle, the Bar ; And generally, instructed you from Prick-penny, to Long Lawrence ? And is the question now, Who is beholding ?

*Bil.* That ever friends, should fall out about trifles ! (*They drop their Swords, and embrace.*) 'Prithee let's discourse the business quietly, between our selves ; And since 'tis gone so far, as to be taken notice of in the Town, Cross, and Pile between us, who shall wear his Arm in a Scarf.

*T. T.* Agreed — — But hold — The Devil a Cross have I.

*Bil.* Or I : — Then knots, and flats — Our Swords shall serve ; — This knots — That, flats ; — Icy knots.

*T. T.*

T. T. And I flats; — 'Twirl up: — (*Bil twirls up his Sword.*)  
'Tis flats; — Tis yours Major — All thine own Boy!

Bil. Well — It can't be helpt — A man's nev'r the worse man,  
for a mischance: — But heark you Captain — Upon Honour, no  
talking.

T. T. No -- No -- No -- First blood, first blood: -- And now Major,  
you think I cheated you: — By this good *Marglay*! The Rogue  
was resolv'd to fight, and I had no reason but to suffer it to be taken  
up: — I'll be sworn, I got not so much, as a Reconciliation Supper  
by't.

Bil. This is it, when men must manage their business by them-  
selves: — All covet, and all lose: --- You think you are well e-  
nough, if you can but say your *Gamut* by Rote, though you are not  
able to prove a Note of't: --- Come, come, I must tell you, there is  
more requir'd, to be a Rogue, than to say, I will be a Rogue: --- A  
man would have thought, one of your Years, and Education, might  
have easily guess, who would fight, and who not.

T. T. Pox on't, 'tis past: — (*Enter Tyro.*) 'Prithee let's hear  
No more of't: — See! — Here comes my Squire, I told you of:  
--- Noble Squire! --- Your servant; --- Pray Major, be pleas'd to  
know my friend. (*Bilboe and Tyro salutes.*)

Ty. Oh Captain, I have been all about to look you: --- Not  
fighting, I hope?

T. T. No -- The Major, and I, have been only measuring blades --  
Here's the pretty 'st thing, you ever handled --- Hey dash --- (*He  
joines at Tyro: ---*) *Toledo*, to an inch --- right *Thomas de Ayala*, ---  
Upon my credit, but two of 'um came over in three Ships: --- Do  
but see how finely 'tis mounted! -- Sa -- Sa -- Observe -- how true  
it bends! -- Ah! for a pass in *Flanconade* now -- (*At Tyro again, --*)  
'Tis a trusty steel, and has been the death of ---

Bil. A thousand Frogs. (*Aside.*)

T. T. --- More than I'll speak of; or, to tell you truth, dare: ---  
But heark you Squire, hast thou any noble Atchievements for thy  
man of *Mars*? Must the great Turk dye? --- Speak; -- His breath,  
hangs upon thy lips.

Ty. Why truly Captain, I came to ask your Advice: -- I have been  
most lamentable abus'd; Nay, in the presence of my Mistress too.

T. T. Send him a *Charrel* Boy, send him a *Charrel*, and I'll carrie  
it: -- Is he of mortal Race?

Ty.

*Ty.* Why trulie Captain I cannot well tell what he is ; -- But this I am sure, he had a good material hand, and hoof.

*Bil.* How Captain ! --- This Gentleman is your friend ?

*T. T.* He is ; And I'm engag'd in honour to see him righted.

*Bil.* 'Twas bravelie spoke ; --- And pray think of no Second, but my self : -- Good Sir -- (*To Tyro.* --) Set forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth ; it may be matter of life.

*Ty.* Then -- So 't please you, thus -- I was entertaining my Mistress, with this little bauble -- (*He shews the Flagilest.*.)

*Bil.* 'Tis somewhat beneath the standard, I must confess : -- But pray on.

*Ty.* -- When of a sudden, a rude, roaring, Roister --

*Bil.* His name good Sir.

*Ty.* Trulie I could not learn that : -- It being in the City, 'tis probable, it was some Merchant or other, got drunk.

*Bil.* Not unlikelie --- proceed.

*Ty.* I say then, this rude Fellow, without scarce saying a word, gives me a good sound box ---

*Bil.* Not to interrupt you Sir -- Was it the *Bucketoon*, or the *Bucketadoe* ? -- Logically, or Rhetorically ? -- That is to say, with the Clunch-fist, or open Palm ?

*Ty.* Why trulie, neither : -- But as near as I can remember, it was with the back of the hand, upon the Cheek ; for with the same motion, he strook off my Hat -- Thus Major -- (*He strikes off Bilboes Hat ; Bilboe stoops, takes it up, and rubs it.*.)

*Bil.* O Ho ; -- The *De vere main* ; --- Why then the question will be singlie this -- Whither a blow, with the back of the hand, upon the Cheek, may be call'd, a box on the ear ; --- For my part, I am clearlie of opinion --- not.

*T. T.* To take it literally, I grant it you ; --- But then answer me, whither it were not a probable box o' the ear ; I take it, 'twas.

*Bil.* So far I agree with you Captain --- But pray Sir, the rest.

*Ty.* Then, as if his foot, had kept time with his hand, he gave me such a kick in *Ano*, that to avoid him, I had almost beaten out my brains against a post.

*Bil.* This last of the Post, was your own Act, and may by no means be call'd his : --- However, upon the whole matter, you are wrong'd, and we'll see you righted.

*Ty.*

Ty. Thank you good Major --- I am beholding to you.

T. T. D' you hear me --- Squire --- You see what pains the Major has taken in your business --- You must present him.

Ty. 'Tis my intention --- Pray let's meet here about an hour hence, and we'll further consider of 't.

T. T. We'll attend you --- Your servant. --- (*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT. IV. S C E. 2.

Enter

*Mopus, Solus.*

Mo. SO, so, the Trade goes merrilie on: -- Let it hold but one seven years, and I shall go near to fine for Alderman. (*Enter*

M. M. O *Mopus!* *Mopus!* --- Here's the (*his wife.*) Constables wife to have her Fortune read --- She had a Bastard before she was marry'd --- Has had two Husbands, and one Daughter, by this: --- One Major *Bilboe* is her Sweet-heart; and I more than believe, our Alderman has a finger in the pye too. (*Exit Mrs. Mopus.*)

Mo. The Devil's in't, if I mis's her Fortune; I shall be Conjur-er, whither I will or no. (*Enter Mrs. D. D.*) Save you Gentlewoman --- Your business with me?

M. D. Indeed Sir, I have heard, you're a cunning man, and can tell a woman anie thing.

Mo. Such things have been done, and may again: --- Let me see your hand: --- (*She gives him her hand; he pores on it.*) -- Three Husbands --- The first, dead --- The second, living --- A man of Authoritie.

M. D. Now indeed Sir, he is a Constable: --- Bless me!

Mo. Your third, shall be verie rich; A Common-counsel man at least; and you shall have Children by him.

M. D. How manie have I had already?

Mo. Let me see -- One Daughter -- And no more -- That is -- since you were marry'd.

M. D. To see what learning can do!

Mo. Ah Mistrefs; I travel'd hard for't -- I have been, where never anie man was before me, or since -- I'll speak a bold word, --- I  
H have



have been so far, that I might have put my finger, in the verie Hole, where the wind came out; -- And all this, for a little knowledge.

M. D. Methinks 'tis a great deal -- Pray, a little more.

Mo. You should have three diseases; -- And if you 'scape the first, and second, you may arrive to the third: -- You shall burie all three Husbands, and be verie fortunate, toward your latter end: -- You were born -- [ *He turns his Globe.* ] under *Cancer*: -- And have receiv'd a hurt, by fire -- Hot-water -- Or some other way.

M. D. Now trulie, but I burnt my hand with a smoothing Iron; And all to be scald'd my foot, with taking down the pot one day, when my Maid was gone abroad, with her Sweetheart.

Mo. You have a natural mark, before, or behind, or somewhere about you, between your head, and your heel.

M. D. That's more then I know; But I'll have my Husband look, to morrow morning.

Mo. You are prettie neat in your house; somewhat nimble, witty, subtil; -- And a good Bedfellow.

M. D. Indeed Sir (I know not why) but I've been told so.

Mo. Double-minded -- Often changing your resolution -- Prone to be angry, but quickly gone -- And now and then, love a bit in a corner.

M. D. 'Tis best eating, when one's a hungry.

Mo. Your good dayes, are *Monday* -- *Wednesday* -- *Fryday* -- Your evil, *Tuesday*, and *Thursday* -- *Saturday*, indifferent: -- Your good Fortunelies -- *South*, and by *Nor'th*; and therefore direct your Affairs that way, and place your Chamber-door, and Bed, to that side.

M. D. Now beshrew me Sir, but I'll observe your directions.

Mo. Once more your hand -- Your *Mons Ventris* is exalted -- You love -- I marrie that you do.

M. D. Nay, now Sir! What d'you mean? I love nothing, but what all women do -- I heir Husbands.

Mo. Two strange thwarting lines, across the *Cingulum*. -- You have a Sweetheart, or two, besides your Husband.

M. D. Who I Sir? -- I'd have you know I am no such: -- I am as honest a woman, as anie in the Parish -- I scorn your words.

Mo. No doubt of it: -- Let me see how your hand agrees with my Globe: -- He is -- [ *He turns his Globe, and describes Bil.* ]

Suppose



Suppose I should name him to you, -- *B-I-L-Bilboe*, -- He belongs to the Sword.

*M. D.* Oh Sir, have a care — If my Husband should hear you, he would run Horn-mad, and knock both our brains out, with his staffe of Authoritie.

*Mo.* To shew you more of my Art — You had a Bastard, before you were marry'd -- And there is an old Fellow that haunts you, -- [*He describes the Alderman.*] What say you?

*M. D.* O good Sir — If you discover me, I am undone. [*Enter Boy.*]

*Boy.* Sir, there are two Gentlemen below, desire to speak with you.

*Mo.* I'll wait on 'um presentlie. — [*Exit Boy.* —] Never fear me — We are oblig'd by our Order of the Rosie Cross, to keep all confessions secret : — 'Tis our Alderman, that's more,

*M. D.* If you should betray me now: ---

*Mo.* I will not — I will not: — But heark you — Upon condition still, you give me a bit too. [*He colls her.*]

*M. D.* O Sir, 'tis impossible — Your wife's in t'other Room — The Gentlemen stay for you below — Somebody's coming up -- Mrs. *Mopus* -- Mrs. *Mopus* ! [*She speaks it, as if she would not be heard.*]

*Mo.* Hang her Jade — (*As Mopus kisses, and pulls her, Enter Folly, and Afterwit behind them.*)

*Ast.* See -- See -- See -- Y' faith Mr. Doctor ! — Is this your living soberlie, temperatelie, and enjoying it, as if you had it not ? (*M. D. skuttles away.*)

*Fol.* Is this your *Magisterium* — *Elixar* — or *Rosy Crucian* — *Pantarva*? — No firrah — The father of this is the Devil, the mother, his Dam, its brothers, and sisters, the Tribe of Whore-hoppers, the wind carries it, from Bawdy-house, to Bawdy-house; and the Nurse thereof, is a suburb *Tantrum*.

*Mo.* A plague o' this Boy — Undone for ever ! — (*Aside.*)

*Fol.* Are you so hot? — I'll cool you: — D' ye hear me -- give the next Porter half a Crown, and let him fetch *Double Diligence* the Constable — I am mistaken, or the woman we found here, was his wife.

*Ast.* Keep him in the mean time.

H 2

*Fol.*

*Fol.* I warrant you, he stirs not. (*Afterwitt offers to go out.*)

*Mo.* Gentlemen — Good Gentlemen — As you are men — You undo me for ever — Studie wherein I may serve you.

*Fol.* Stay a little — (*To Afterwitt.* —) Confess, and you shall see what we'll say to you: — Art not thou a damn'd cheating Rogue? — How hast thou the impudence to believe that anie thing but fools, should come near thee?

*Mo.* Nor would I, by my good will, deal with other; — Do you take the wise men, and give me the fools, and then see, who'll have the most practice: — There are but two sorts of people in the World, *Aut qui captant, aut qui captantur*; — *Aut Corvi qui lacerant, aut Cadavera, qua lacerantur*; which, the great *Albumazar*, has most significantlie render'd, by Cheators, and Cheatees — If it were not for fools Sir, how should Knaves live?

*Fol.* An ingenious beginning; If it hold, much may be said.

*Mo.* You are Gentlemen; — And I see, understand — I'll be plain with you — Examine the World, and you'll find three quarters of't, down-right fools; And for the rest, six parts in seven, are little, besides band, and beard, and yet they make a great busle in the World, and pass for shrewd men: — And can you blame me then? — Did you ever hear a Fish-wife cry stinking Makarel? Or a Citizen, gum'd Velvet? — No — The best in the Town, though the worst in his Shop: — Here, we have a learned consultation, whither my Ladie may eat Butter with her Eggs, or have her Posset turn'd with Lemon, or Ale: — Yonder, another keeps a sputter, with his New-- New-- New — The Wall-ey'd Mare, and the crop't flea-bitten — A Book with a hard Title — A new found language in Ireland — Turk, and Pope — The Flesh-office — My Ladies Dog — The safest way of cutting of Corns — A bag of Writings — A house o' the Bank-side — The Christning of another Turk — A Franciscan Profelyte — Gentlemen-ushers, and Maid-servants — Dentifrices, and Lozenges: — Another, dawbs you whole Volumes, with the difference between sufficient, and efficacious: — Another, whither the lining of *Aaron's Ephod*, were Sky-colour'd, or Sea-green; And hack, and hew so desperately about their Goats wooll, a man would blest himself to see such piles of elaborate Non-sense: — And now Gentlemen — Am I the onlie man in fault? — The worst you can say, is, The people,

people, have so little wit, as to give me money; and I, am so mad, as to pocket the injurie: — Does this satisfie?

*Ast.* Rogue enough — But is't not possible to make thee honest?

*Mo.* Try me -- I have a Wife, and three Children: -- The Devil take my Wife, and two of them, if ever I fail you.

*Ast.* A safe wish — But suppose I should order it so, that a young Ladie come to you, could you so read her fortune, as to make her marrie me? -- You know how to play your part, if you please.

*Mo.* And if I don't, to your advantage, Cut my throat.

*Ast.* He must know't at last — I had as good tell him the person. (*To Folly.*)

*Fol.* So you may; — And do.

*Ast.* Hold up thy hand — To make thee honest, here's twentie Peeces for thee; and if thou do'st the business, I'll give thee two hundred more; -- What say'st thou?

*Mo.* If I betray you, or do not my best, be seven years in killing me.

*Ast.* You know Alderman *Whitebroth*?

*Mo.* Know him? — Why — I am his Doctor.

*Ast.* 'Tis his Daughter — You know your work.

*Mo.* And if I don't do't — I'll run my Countrey: — And now Gentlemen, you shall say I am honest — You observ'd the woman, that was here when you came in?

*Ast.* Yes, what of her?

*Mo.* Why — She is the Constables wife, whom (to be short) the Alderman Cuckolds.

*Fol.* Ha! Are you sure of it?

*Mo.* By the help of this Globe, I made her confess, That the Alderman, and one *Bilboe*, play *Level de coile* with her: — But (I may tell it you now) my wife, gave me the first hint of't.

*Fol.* Hah! hah! — Thou art honest: — *Bilboe* — A Hector — He lies in the Constables house?

*Mo.* The same: — Make the best use of it you can, and I'll promise you, to follow your directions.

*Ast.* This was better than wish — Come, We'll lay our heads together, and you shall hear of us again suddenlie.

*Exeunt.*

ACT.

## A C T. IV. S C E. 3.

Enter

*Whitebroth, Runter, Timothy, Beatrice, Scruple,  
leading Mrs. Whitebroth.*

*Wh.* **W** As he so drunk d' you say ?

*Tim.* As ten thousand Beggars.

*Wh.* So, so ; -- his money is jogging alreadie : -- Alas Mr. *Runter*, you hear what he sayes — He was drunk.

*Tim.* Indeed Sir, I was never but half so bad, in all my life, and then, I was Maudlen, for a whole Month after.

*Sc.* And well it became you — Compunction is good *Timothy*.

*Ru.* What say you Sir — Mr. *Tyro* is a civil, hopeful Gentleman, and I am sure, loves your Daughter.

*Wh.* Nay speak to her -- there she is.

*Bea.* Love me ! — 'Tis more than ever he told me yet.

*Sc.* He is a little modest -- *Ingenui vultus puer, ingennique pudoris.* Trulie I think you could not have chosen better.

*Bea.* I chosen Sir ! — You will not perswade me I hope, that I am in love ? — If I am, I can assure you, 'tis not with him.

*M.W.* How Child ! — Not be rul'd by your father ? — Indeed Husband, it would be worth your while, to have an eye upon her.

*Wh.* And your own too, good Wife.

*Sc.* It should be both your care — You must provide a Husband for her in time, or she will provide one for her self.

*Wh.* Come, leave this discourse to another time ; you know we have business. *Exeunt.* [ *Manet Tim.* ]

*Tim.* What pitie 'tis, that this *Monsieur Le Coxcomb, Tyro*, should have my young Mistress — A fool, that knows not the use of money, but to play at Bob-farthing, and Span-counter : — *After-witt* has most right to her, for his Estates sake — Come, come, he is a Gentleman, and if things hit right, -- Thou shalt have her Boy.

*Exit.*

A C T.

ACT. IV. SCENE 4.

Enter

*Bilboe (his Arm in a Scarf) and Titere Tu, at one door; Tyro, at another.*

Ty. **A** Las Major! Your Arm in a Scarf?

Bil. Why faith — A small badge of Honour; — And I was drest up in haste, that I might not fail you.

Ty. How was it good Major?

Bil. Nothing, nothing, but a small brush about the wall; and I know not why, but I fancy'd he might be the person that had affronted you: — To be short, he made me this pass, in *second*, and I return'd it so nimble in *Tierce*, that I made the Sun, shine clean through him.

T. T. Lightning by this hand — Lightning — Well — [*He claps Bilboe on the back.*]

Bil. Uh — Have a care Captain. [*Bilboe shrinks.*]

T. T. — Go thy wayes — And if thou tak'st a swing in *Quart* for't, there hangs as brave a Fellow, as has hung there these fortie years.

Ty. No murder I hope good Major?

Bil. Let him look to that — I neither know, nor care. -- Do not be troubled Boy! — I have an Arm yet left to fight thy Battels.

Ty. I thank you Sir — Be pleas'd — [*He gives Bilboe money.*]

Bil. O Sir, -- your love —

T. T. Ne'r doubt him Squire — I'd as lief have him upon his stumps, as twentie others upon no leggs.

Ty. Well Gentlemen, Courage — For my own part, I fear no flesh alive — No upon my life and soul don't I, and I believe the the same of you — You may fight, you are men of the Sword: — But for me — A man o' th' Law! — How say you Captain?

T. T. By no means Squire.

Bil. Say no more — He's dead.

Ty.



Ty. Nay good Major have a care — No more murder.

Bil. What you please — I'll promise you, I'll use him the better for your sake.

*Enter Afterwitt.*

Ty. See Captain — This is he.

T. T. Pray Sir withdraw, and hazard not your self: — It may prove dangerous.

*Exit Tyro.*

Ast. I have out-staid my time — [ *To himself.* ] With your favour Sir, what's a Clock?

T. T. Look upon the Dyal. [ *T. T. turns up his breech to him.* ]  
Afterwitt kicks him on his face, takes away his Sword, and sets one foot on him. ]

Ast. It wants a Gnomon.

[ *Bilboe steps in.* ]

Bil. Hold thy Death-threatning hand — He is a Captain — Let him dye fairlie: — You do well to presume upon this Scarf — I ha'n't been wont, to see such things, and carrie my hands in my pocket: — [ *Enter Folly.* ] But —

Fol. Thou art not mad man? — Hold.

Ast. The Rogue has affronted me, for speaking kindlie to him -- Be quick — And let me know the cause, or I'll nail thee to the ground, for an example to others.

Bil. You have injur'd a worthie friend of ours — Squire Tyro.

Ast. If that be all — Rise — There's your Sword.

Bil. By no means Sir — [ *Bilboe claps between 'um.* ] 'Tis against the law of Arms, to hold a Sword against anie man, has had our life at his mercie.

Fol. Major Bilboe I think.

Bil. The same Sir — I should know that face too! — Certain Sir, I have had the honour, to be drunk in your Companie ere now.

Fol. And not unlikele — We must not part with dry lips, now; — Afterwitt — Our friend — Dost not remember, we were merrie together, at —

Ast. Oh — Your servant Sir; [ *They salute.* ]

Fol. Come — All friends — Well Major (to renew our acquaintance) I have the best humor for you — 'Twill get you the Pence, and all of us, mirth.

Bil. And what may it be?

Fol. Dismiss your friend to the next Tavern, and I'll tell you.  
[ *Bilboe whispers T. T.* ]

T. T.



**T. T.** Methinks, I find a dislocation in my Crupper; — Your servant Gentlemen. [*Titire Tu goes limping off.*]

**Bil.** Your servant you Rogue — Your servant: — Now Sir, your Commands?

**Fol.** To the point then — If you are honest to us, it may be worth you 500 *l.* — If not, we are two to one, persons unstain'd in our Reputation; and if we denie, your affirmation, will signifie little — Will you be trustie?

**Bil.** As steel my Boy — What is 't?

**Fol.** You lie at *Double Diligence* the Constables house?

**Bil.** I do — What then?

**Fol.** And now, and then (for diversion) with your Landladie?

**Bil.** No wounding of Reputation, good Gentlemen: — She's a prettie Flie-boat, two men won't sink her.

**Ast.** Nor three, I warrant you.

**Bil.** It may be not — Have you a mind Gentlemen?

**Fol.** O — No Sir — I hope, Alderman *Whitebroth* visits you prettie often?

**Bil.** For his Rent, or so.

**Fol.** Then we, know more than you — He has a lick at her too; — Will you assist us in a design?

**Bil.** By the faith of a *Soldate*, and a man of Arms, I will.

**Ast.** To engage you then, here's twentie Peeces for you — You must Trepan him with the Constables Wife; — If you find her shy, you may bring in her Husband for a share — My Neck on't, you square him out of a 1000 *l.* at least — He'll do anie thing, rather than have it known.

**Bil.** Do't? — I, and thank you too — The Bed-pad, is the safest Pad; — Here's my hand, I'll be honest to you.

**Fol.** Well, see you are, and let's hear from you again, as soon as you can — In the mean time, do you two go to the Captain; — You know whither I am going; — Farewell.

*Exeunt  
severally.*

I  
A C T.

## ACT. IV. SCENE 5.

Enter

*Cis, Solo.*

*Cis.* **T**hat I could meet with Mr. *Aftermitt* now; — He'll never get such another opportunitie — And at home, 'tis vain to think it. *Enter Folly.*

*Fol.* Oh! *Cis!* — Well met — 'Tis my good Girle. [*He calls, and kisses her.*]

*Cis.* Nay pish — Stand away — Come; — Do what you will, but don't you rumple my Handkercher.

*Fol.* Alas poor thing — I warrant, you much-minded; what I spake to you of last: — Have you ever said anie thing to your Mistress about it?

*Cis.* Yes that I have -- And she likes him well enough; -- But she will never marrie without her fathers consent -- She loves him well, but her fathers Estate better.

*Fol.* A good craftie wench -- Let us but secure her, I'll warrant her the Estate: -- And if thou dost it *Cis* -- I'll promise thee a good portion, and a better husband.

*Cis.* What would you have me do?

*Fol.* Lose no opportunitie of commending Mr. *Aftermitt* to her: -- A Gentleman -- A fine man -- A handsome man -- A proper man -- And you dare warrant, a good womans man: -- And heark you, you may tell her, how *Tyro*, had hir'd a couple of Fellows, to *Heister* him, and that he came off bravelie: — And all this for he.

*Cis.* Inceed Sir, I will not fail you in a tittle.

*Fol.* But were't not possible, to get her to *Mopus's*, to have her fortune read?

*Cis.* Suppose I should? -- What then?

*Fol.* The work were done.

*Cis.* Then trouble not your self -- She made me steal out before, and is just following me to that purpose: -- But hang him; -- He knows as much as my Horse -- I had almost told her, how *Tim*, and

I cheated him, with some dead Ale in a Urinal, instead of my Masters water; but that Mr. *Scruple*, and my old Mistriſs, have ſo cry'd him up.

*Fol.* Have a care of ſtories -- They may ſpoil all -- The Fellow is ignorant enough, there's no doubt of 't -- But yet as long as they believe him knowing, will be eaſilie able, to do my friend's buſineſs; -- 'Prithee deſire her to make him ſhew her, her husbands face in a glaſs; -- Doubt nothing, but follow your inſtructions -- I muſt to *After-witt*, and let him know, whither his Miſtreſs is going.

*Cis.* Well -- Truſt to me -- Be gone -- I hear her coming. [*Exit Folly at one door; Enter Beatrice, at another.*]

*Bea.* O *Cis* -- I am ſtoll'n out, with much ado -- Shall we go? -- What do'ſt think of him?

*Cis.* Trulie, I take him for a huge cunning man -- He has told, all the Maids of the Pariſh, the ſtrangeſt things! -- And they ſay, can ſhew one, ones Sweethearts face in a glaſs.

*Bea.* If he can do that -- I'll believe him -- I am ſo ſtrangelie troubled with dreams, it paſſes --

*Cis.* And ſo have I been too -- And thought ſeveral times, to tell you of a ſtrange thing in our houſe, but that I was afraid, you would laugh at me.

*Bea.* But tell me -- What was 't?

*Cis.* Why laſt New-years Eve, when all the houſe were in Bed, I ſwept up the Hearth, and ſmooth'd the Aſhes, and next morning, found the print of a Wedding Ring, and a Grave upon them -- I am confident we ſhall have a Wedding and a Burial, out of our houſe this year -- My old Maſter dye, and my young Miſtreſs marry'd.

*Bea.* Away fool -- If I marrie -- I promiſe you it ſhall not be *Tyro* -- 'Tis ſuch a piece of Ginger-bread!

*Cis.* Marrie hang him -- 'Tis all the News, that he hir'd a couple of Fellows, to murder Mr. *Afterwitt*; But he has paid 'um, to the purpoſe: -- And they ſay, the quarrel was about you.

*Bea.* Then in ſhorte time I ſhall be Town-talk, and work for Knights Adventurers: -- I ſhould be ſorrie, he were hurt: -- I would -- But come, I long to hear, what this Fellow will tell me. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

## ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Enter

*Mopus, Folly, Afterwitt.*

*Fol.* **M**Ake haste — I left 'um coming — [*The Bell rings.*]  
Here they are.

*Mo.* Then do you step into the next Room — And when you hear me cry — *Fubco* — Take the small stool in your hand, and come in, and stand upon it behind her Chair, and look upon the glass — But be sure, when you have done, to take the stool away with you.

*Fol.* I must be gone — I have appointed *Runter* — Have you prepar'd the Aldermans Dose?

*Mo.* 'Tis here — [*He shews a small Viol.* — ] And as soon as I have dispatch't you, I am resolv'd to visit him, and give him half a score drops of it in somewhat or other; but so qualify'd, it shall onlie distemper him, but do him no further hurt — A glass of stomach water, will fetch him again, while you say what's this. [*Enter Boy.*

*Boys.* Sir, there is a Gentlewoman or two at door, desire to speak with you.

*Mo.* Desire them to walk in — Here, here — This way — And you there: — [*Exeunt Folly, Afterwitt, Boy, severally.* ] So, it this take, I shall save my Credit, and get good money to boot: — [*Enter Beatrice, Cū.* ] Madam — Your servant — What service have you for me?

*Bea.* I have heard my mother so talk of you, I could not be quiet, till I came to you too.

*Mo.* I am ner wont to make my Art common — But do you propose what you will, and I'll do my best, to resolve you.

*Bea.* Then trulie Sir, I have been extreamlie troubled with dreams, and would fain know, what they mean.

*Mo.* And shall (Madam) if Art can do't — Dreams, are certain motions, or fictions, of the Soul, signifying, some good or evil to come; wherein notwithstanding, we chieflie regard, how the Moon stands affected: — What were yours? *Bea.*

*Bea.* Methought, my father was chosen Lord Mayor, and that *Cis*, and I, were pounding Spices, to make an entertainment — And at last, methought, we fell together by the ears in our smock sleeves.

*Mo.* For the first, 'twas an ill sign — A sign of your fathers death — For Death, is like the Mayor of a Town within his own Corporation; Subject to none, and has no Companions: — Then, as to your pounding of spices — That betokens Matrimonie — For the Pestle, represents the man, and the Mortar, the woman: — Lastlie, as to your fighting — Infallible the same; And that, the rather, the persons being strip't, as you say they were: — Have you more?

*Bea.* Yes Sir — Methought I was marry'd to a man, with a great Jolt-head.

*Mo.* A sign of Dignitie: — If there had been a brazen face to't, the better; for 'tis the first step to't.

*Bea.* There were divers others — But I have forgot 'um; Pray be pleas'd to give me some general hints, that I may the better observe 'um for the future.

*Mo.* Anie thing (good Madam) to serve you: — To dream of loss of eyes, betokens help; For most men help the blind; — If but one eye, but half of what was expected: — For a marry'd woman to dream of beheading; Loss of her Husband; — To a Maid; Loss of her Maiden-head: — Of Leeks, and Cheese; that she shall marrie a Welchman; — Of hanging; Matrimonie; for they both go, by one destinie.

*Bea.* Prettie indeed — Pray Sir some more.

*Mo.* To dream of loss of fingers, betokens want of employment, to a Lawyer; — Of broken Pates; good luck, to Chyrurgions: — Of cutting high Capers, hanging, to a Thief: — Of a Midwife; revealing of secrets: — Of Grass-hoppers, and Crickets; more words, than performance: — Of a Post, and Pillars; a Mayor, and Aldermen: — Of a Calves head, and Purtenants; a Foreman, and his Fellows! — Of being a Bed with a handsome Laddie; ill luck, because 'tis not true: — Of having a true friend —

*Bea.* I, What sign's that?

*Mo.* A sign he's mistaken: — But enough of this — Good Madam, your hand.

*Bea.* Here — And pray tell me my Fortune.



Mo. I cannot make it better, or worse; But such as it is, you shall know presentlie. — [ *He pores on her hand.* — ] A fair Table — The line of riches well extended — Verie large wheels of fortune — You will be a good House-keeper — Rich — And fortunate: — These lines, betoken, Husbands; — You will have — Let me see — If your first Husband dyes before the mark's out of your mouth; A second — And then perhaps, a third: — These Interfarings; Children; — You will have — Some half a dozen; more, or less: — Yet once again — Pray let me see how your hand agrees with my Books. [ *He steps to the Table, and turns his Book and Globe.* ]

Bea. What think'st thou of him *Cis*?

*Cis*. No doubt but 'tis all true! — They say, he can shew ones Sweethearts face in a glass; good Madam remember to try him.

Mo. You shall have a Husband, in a verie short time: — As to his person — He is, &c. [ *He describes Afterwit.* ] He has some incumbrances upon his Estate at present, but shall recover them all, and be verie happie, fortunate, and honourable.

Bea. But does he love me?

Mo. I am sure he does — And without him, you'll be very unhappy: — He is a most excellent person — He receives his knowledge, from *Mercury*, in *Virgo* — His compleatness of body, from *Caput Draconis*, in *Gemini* — *Saturn* and *Venus*, in *Libra*, direct him to the light of nature — *Fortuna Major*, and *Populus*, figures of *Geomancy*, give him health — And *Puella*, befriends him: — *Mars* in *Cancer*, is his Enemy — *Jupiter* in *Capricorne*, somewhat uncertain, and two Ideas of *Geomancy*, conspire against him — But he shall receive Treasures from the Sun, and Jewels from the Moon, and his Guardian Angel shall defend him, and make the spiteful Dragon, bite his Tail, in *Sagittarius*, because he cannot be reveng'd of him.

Bea. But is't not possible to see this excellent person?

Mo. 'Tis a thing, I rarely do — I seldom practise beyond the stars — But if you'll promise me to sit quiet, and not talk it abroad, I will for once, shew you the height of Art.

Bea. Well Sir — I promise — But pray, no noise.

Mo. No — He shall rise with Musick: Boy — [ *Enter Boy.* ] My glass; And the enchanted Chair: [ *Exit Boy. Mopus draws a Circle.* ]

Bea. Oh — Good Sir have a care!

Mo.

Mo. Be still — The Spirit knows my meaning, and I dare not baulk him : — Fear not, you are as safe, as if you were in your fathers house : — [Enter Boy, with a Glass, and groaning Chair.] Here Madam — Sit down, And you Sweetheart, at your Mistress feet : — Sirrah — [He speaks aside to the Boy. —] Take your Lute, and when you see the Gentleman preparing to come in, play a Lesson, or two. [Exit Boy.] Now Madam, sit still — And fear nothing! [He takes his Book, waves his Rod, and reads.

**M A Z A L T O B.**

Bombomachides Cluninstaridsfarchides, qui Prapostus es Utopia, & Terram incognitam solus delineasti — Conjuro, & confirmo te, & super te (O nihilum Potens!) Per nomen Stella, qua est sine nomine — Per Solstitium Solis, & Luna Dodecatimariion — Per Tiberii Spiritum, & Claudii Apocolocynthosin — Per Cingulum Veneris, & Garraganine Tardiov — Per Alpha — Beta — Gamma — Delta — Ophi — Resch — Schin — Tau — Per omnia Prædicta, & alia ubicunque, quæ nunquam fuerunt, nec usquam futura sunt — Conjuro super te, Bombomachides (occulta qualitas, & tamen magne) quod relietis Agris Gurgustidoniis, & Gogmagogorum antiquissimâ sede, in instanti venias, pro me labores, & perimpleas omnem petitionem hujus Domine, juxta velle, & votum suum — Veni — Veni — Veni — Per omnia Prædicta — Inbeo — Veni.

[The Lute plays — Enter Afterwitt, looks over her Chair, as directed, and after a little time, Exit.] [Beatrice and Cis rise, and look behind the Chair.]

Now Madam, you have seen the *Ne plus ultra* of Art; And if I might advise you, I would have you comply with your destinie, -- without it, you will be miserable.

Bea. And perhaps with it? — Do you know the Gentleman?

Mo. I never saw him in my life, till now — But, methought, he had a promising aspect, and agreed in every thing, with what I told you before -- Do you know the face?

Bea. Yes. — And if my father were consenting to't, it should be the first thing I would.

Mo.

*Mo.* I can but wish you well -- Yet one thing I'll do -- 'Tis yet in my power -- If you have no mind to him, avoid seeing him, before you have slept, and let me know it, before Sun-rising to-morrow, and I may prevent it: -- If otherwise, 'tis past the Art of man.

*Bea.* I thank you Sir -- [*She gives him money.* --] O *Cis*, What shall I do -- Is there no back way? -- If I can but miss him now, I'm well enough.

*Cis.* Have a good heart Madam -- What must be, will be.

*Mo.* You had best let my Boy conduct you: Boy! [*Enter Boy.*] You know the back way to the *Aldermans*: -- Shew it this Lady, and wait on her, as far as she pleases to command you. [*Exeunt Beatrice, Cis, Boy.* --] Your servant -- So, so, things go as they should -- Where are you Sir? [*Enter Afterwit.*] Your work's as good as done: -- She's gone the back way -- You will easilie get before her, upon the turn of the street -- Now's your opportunitie -- Make haste and meet her, and she can't refuse you.

*Ast.* 'I was well contriv'd -- Your servant. *Exeunt.*

## A C T. V. S C E. 2.

Enter

*Bilboe, Mrs. D. Diligence.*

*Bil.* I Thought what you were -- Is this your going to Repetition? -- I'll tell my Landlord.

*M. D.* Indeed I could not help it -- I could never be rid of him -- But I am sure, I always lov'd you best -- I hope you will not undo a woman.

*Bil.* Nay -- Nay -- That's nothing to me -- I am resolv'd -- Unless you engage to do one thing.

*M. D.* Anie thing good Mr. *Bilboe*, that I can -- What is it?

*Bil.* When will the *Alderman* be here?

*M. D.* At Night, after the Watch is set -- What then?

*Bil.* Why -- You must join with me to Trepan him, -- It may be worth us a 1000 l.

*M. D.* 'Tis impossible -- No one will believe him to be such a man.

*Bil.*

*Bil.* They'll never know it! — He'll be hang'd ere he let the business come upon the stage.

*M. D.* I'll never yield to't: — You shall have what money you will.

*Bil.* Hang money — Fly Brags, the Devil's a Tinker. [*Enter Double Diligence.* — ] Honest Landlord! — I see you're for the Watch — Twenty to one but I beat up your quarters — I'll make you run y'faith.

*D. D.* Yes — After you Major — I have done it forty times.

*Bil.* Why how now man? — Melancholly? — Thou look'st as if thy head were full of Accounts.

*D. D.* And truly you are right — I was just considering how to patch up my Account with Mr. *Alderman* — Indeed he tyes me to hard meat — I cannot take a Rat, but he makes me account to him, for half-profits; and yet, I allow him as good as 40*l.* a year, for the keeping of one poor Gate; — Would I were once Overseer of the Poor, or Church-warden, there were somewhat to be got by that — I'm sure, this will hardly keep life, and soul together.

*Bil.* Hang care — I'll tell thee what — Thou hast the honestest woman to thy wife, this day in the Parish: — Poor soul, how she's been plagu'd by this *Alderman*!

*M. D.* Nay Major — What d' you mean? [*She pulls him by the Elbow.* — ] — You won't, I hope? — Major —

*Bil.* She was asham'd to tell you't her self, and would not be quiet till I had promis't to do it — This old Goat, is perpetually solliciting her — Would one think it? — Troth I should have guess't him fuller of *Mercury*, than *Venus*; But — A man may be deceiv'd.

*D. D.* How! — The *Alderman*? — See what 'tis to have an honest woman to ones wife — I warrant you now had she been right, (as they say) she had nev'r discover'd it: — Now my dear Chick, how I love thee!

*Bil.* Leave your slobbering, and consider what to do: — My advice is, that we Trepan him — The Thief is rich, and will bleed well.

*D. D.* That would be somewhat! — But how is't to be done?

*Bil.* He will be here by that time the Watch is set; — The Captain, and I, will do't.

*D. D.* If we could get a good round Sum between us, 'twould do no hurt — You may compound with the Captain for a small matter.

K

*Bil.*

*Bil.* Let me alone with him; -- He's hard at hand--I'll fetch him; -- Don't you be out of the way. [ *Exit Bil.* ]

*D. D.* Indeed wife, this is a Providence, and may do us good: -- 'Grant we may make a right use of't. [ *Enter Whitebrath.* ]

*Wh.* Not gone yet! -- I must rattle him: -- [ *Aside to himself.* ]

*D. D.* Save your good Worship Sir.

*Wh.* Alas Mr. *Double Diligence*! That you should be thus negligent of the peace of the Kingdom! -- Don't you know there are a number of dangerous people abroad, and your Watch not set yet! -- Now truly but you are too blame, and I could find in my heart to have you complain'd of.

*D. D.* I was just going -- Your Worship sees I am ready.

*Wh.* Pray keep your Watch together, and walk your Round in person -- you cannot be too secure: -- Here -- Here's somewhat for your Watch to drink -- I have giv'n 'um nothing a great while.

*D. D.* 'Tis a Four-pence-half-penny Sir -- Will your Worship be pleas'd to have the odd half-penny again.

*Wh.* No no -- No matter -- Let it go for a Craft.

*D. D.* We thank your Worship. [ *Exit Double Diligence.* ]

*Wh.* I just met my Doctor, and he has giv'n me the rarest Cordial -- Methinks I am so suppliant! -- Now my little Mouse! -- How do you? -- Shall we walk in?

*M. D.* Indeed Sir, I am somewhat ill. [ *He calls her.* ]

*Wh.* 'Prithee leave these excuses -- Thou know'st I love thee.

*Bil.* See Captain -- See! -- [ *Bilboe, and Titere Tu, peep in.* ]

*T. T.* Ah the old Rogue!

*Wh.* Come, come -- You must -- I've had no Rent a good while.

*M. D.* Indeed Sir we've a hard bargain of't: -- I hope, your Worship will consider us against next quarter.

*Wh.* Why? -- You pay me no money -- You know I take it out, (as they say.)

*M. D.* I but Mr. *Scruple*'s very hard upon my Husband, and won't believe, but he has a double Lease.

*Wh.* I'll order that hereafter -- 'Prithee come -- The Cuckold is secure -- Good faith you shall.

*M. D.* I cannot; -- Nor will I -- Pray unhand me. [ *They struggle: Enter Bilboe, and Titere Tu, with their Swords drawn.* ]

*Bil.*



*Bil.* How's this? -- My Landlady! -- Cuckold my honest Landlord! -- Kill him -- Kill him -- [ *They both lay at him with the flat of their Swords.* ]

*Wh.* Good Gentlemen -- Spare my life -- Oh -- Oh --

*T. T.* Hold -- Hold -- Better gold him?

*Bil.* Agreed -- Agreed. [ *M. D. runs in.* ]

*Wh.* O good Gentlemen -- 'Twill break my wifes heart -- Good Gentlemen -- I am an *Alderman*.

*Bil.* Thou an *Alderman*? -- I'll undertake he stole this Chain -- Gi' me 't. -- [ *Bilboe takes it off, and pockets it.* ] -- I'll find out the truth.

*T. T.* Come Brother -- Uncafe -- Uncafe. [ *They strip him to his Canvas Doublet, and Satten Skirts. Enter Double Diligence.* ]

*D. D.* I had forgot my Night-Cap -- How now! -- What's here? -- Stand -- I require you in His Majesties Name to keep the peace. -- Stand -- What are you? -- Thieves -- Thieves -- Down with 'um -- Mr. *Alderman*! -- Alas good Sir, what makes your Worship in this condition?

*Bil.* Landlord -- I am confident this is no *Alderman* -- The Rogue has serv'd my Landlady, a man would not serve a Dog so.

*D. D.* How! -- Stick a Bulls feather in my Cap! -- Make me a Knight o' th' forked Order! -- Is this true Mr. *Alderman*? Is this true?

*Wh.* Failings brother *Diligence*, failings -- Pray let the business be ended between our selves, and I will patiently submit to a Church-rebuke.

*D. D.* One good Action, is worth two Rebukes, and three Chastisements; -- Pray Gentlemen keep him here, till I fetch the Watch: -- I will have it recorded to my own honour, the example of all succeeding Constables, and terror of Justices, That a Constable once in his time, laid a Justice of Peace, by the heels: -- I'll be with you instantly. ( *He offers to go out, Whitebrash stops him.* )

*Wh.* Good Neighbour -- This will be as great a scandal to our fellowship, as that abomination of the Elders Maid in Bell-yard.

*Bil.* Hold Landlord -- Is he an *Alderman* in earnest?

*D. D.* Yes, yes -- But I'll Alderman him. ( *Bil. holds him.* )

*Bil.* By no means. — Stay — The old Gentleman may take cold — Pray Sir put on your Cloaths — 'Twas well I ask't the question — I would not have it go further for 5000 *l.* — An Alderman! — *HO — HO —*

*Wh.* Thank you good Sir — Pray take up the business.

*Bil.* Come Landlord — Hang it — 'Tis done, and can't be help't. — He shall give you a 1000 *l.*

*D. D.* A thousand pound — Out upon't —

*Wh.* A 1000 *l.* Sir — Alas, I thought 10 *l.* or so.

*Bil.* How! — 10 *l.* — Send we make him accept a 1000. — 'Tis a foul business, the more you stir, the worse 'twill be — Will you refer't to me? — I hope to deserve a 100 *l.* of you my self.

*Wh.* What you will — But pray beat it as low as you can.

*Bil.* Come Landlord — What say you? — The Gentleman's willing to give you a 1000 *l.*

*Wh.* Oh — Undone! — I'm a poor man.

*D. D.* Tell me of a thousand pound!

*T. T.* Nay now Mr. *Constable*, you're unreasonable.

*D. D.* Well then, let him throw in the Lease of my house too — And (for your sake Major) I'll do't.

*Bil.* He shall — He shall — Burn it, — 'tis but an old house — giv't him — Troth I was afraid we should not have got him so low — You heard what he said, 'twas for my sake too — I hope you'll consider it.

*Wh.* Well — If it must be so. — No more words of't — I'll end you a 1000 *l.* to morrow, and convey over the house, when you please: — Oh — Oh — An undone man.

*Bil.* In the mean time, a Bond (as you use to say) for mortalities sake, would do not hurt.

*Wh.* What you will — I must obey.

*Bil.* Be not troubled — The flesh, was good flesh, and worth the money.

*Wh.* But the sauce though, was Devilish dear.

*Bil.* Heark you Landlord — Run to your Neighbour, Squeeze the Scrivenet, for a couple of blank Bonds — Make haste — And when the work's done, we'll drink abundantly, and remember the Founder.

D. D. Truly I like it well; — Exceeding well — It is good to be thankful : — Pray take the *Alderman* in, and I'll be with you instantly. *Exeunt severally.*

ACT. V. S C E. 3.

Enter

*Afterwitt, Beatrice, Cis.*

*Ast.* NOW you see Madam to how little purpose,  
We cross our Stars : —

*Bea.* Had you but mist me now,  
I should have ventur'd that, and perhaps stav'd,  
That misery, which always follows rashness.

*Ast.* Trust me : — I warrant you things will go right :  
Now for a small hedge Priest to make the knot,  
We'll tye it faster, as we've better leisure. *[Enter Run. Fol.]*  
Keep back a little — I would not have them see us. yet. *[Exeunt Ast. Bea.]*

*Run.* Indeed I wont — You have been large to me already. —  
*[Folly would press money upon him.]* You must excuse me.

*Fol.* Upon one condition I may.

*Run.* What's that good Sir ?

*Fol.* That you'll give me leave to put it i' the Diurnal —

*Run.* I must confess I should be loth to be the Author of so ill a  
president : — But if I should take it, how shall I be able to serve  
your friend ?

*Fol.* I have told you;

*Run.* Hah — But such an opportunity will never happen.

*Fol.* I am certainly inform'd he's now upon't : — For being taken very ill of a sudden, he has resolv'd to publish that draught, which you made for him, and has lain in your hands ever since his last sickness; Now instead of that, let him seal and deliver this settlement upon my friend, in consideration of Marriage, with his Daughter, and the work's done : — Besides, if he should discover it, I have him so sure upon other Accounts, he dares not mutter : — *[Runter peruses the Deed.]*

*Run.*

*Ra.* You are a notable Gentleman — You have done extream prudently, in leaving a blank for the first words, *This Indenture, &c.* And that the parchment is plain at top : — I will fill it up, with *In Nomine Domini*, for fear some one may look over my shoulder while 'tis doing ; when once 'tis over, 'tis easie indenting it, and scraping out, *In Nomine Domini* ; and instead thereof, putting in, *This Indenture made, &c.* Trust me with it.

*Fol.* Shall my friend depend upon you ?

*Ra.* D' you think me a Knaave — A word's enough : — Yet if you would be rul'd by me, I would advise you to engage Mr. *Scruple* in the business ; He will be able to do much in't.

*Fol.* Will a Parsonage of 300 *l.* a year do't ? — If it will, my friend has such a one newly fall'n, and giv'n me order (as I see occasion) to present it him — But do you think he will conform ?

*Ra.* I warrant you he does both — Leave it to me to make him — I must confess he has been somewhat violent heretofore, but of late, I can assure you, very instrumental : — [*Enter Scruple.*] Here he comes — Pray leave us not, there will be little said, but what you may be privy to : — Save you Mr. *Scruple*.

*Sc.* And your Worship too : — I have been looking you every where — Mr. *Alderman* presents you with that health he wants himself, and desires you to come to him, and bring with you, that draught of his Will, which was engrossed when he was last sick — I left that learned Artist Dr. *Mopus* with him, who shakes his head, and wonders at this sudden alteration — He says, they drank a glass of Ale together but few hours before ; But truly now, he doubts him.

*Ra.* Why ? what's the matter ?

*Sc.* The Doctor had a hard word for't, but I have quite forgot it : — He is taken with a strange scouring, and vomiting : The Doctor knows not what to make of him : — Death is in's face.

*Ra.* Alas poor Gentleman — I'll wait on him immediately : — That things should fall so cross ! — His Daughter is just marry'd.

*Sc.* How ! Marry'd ? — I am sure he knows nothing of it — For his intention of sending for you, was, That he might so dispose his Estate, that the Court of Aldermen might not have the fingering of it.

*Ra.*

*Ru.* It can't be help't, 'tis done — But heark you — 'Tis to a worthy Gentleman, and one that has so great an esteem for you, That having a Parsonage of 300 *l.* a year in his gift, and now void, he is resolv'd to dispose it to no one, till you have refus'd it.

*Fol.* This is true, I can assure you Sir; And by me, has made the offer to this Gentleman in your behalf; who, I think, knows me too well, to doubt the truth of 't.

*Ru.* Indeed I do — I'll take care your Presentation shall be dispatch't out of hand: — But — You must Conform.

*Sc.* Well — Well — That shall break no squares — 300 *l.* a year — I do assure you, a worthy Gentleman. [*Enter Aftermitt, Beatrice, and Cis.*]

*Fol.* He comes himself, and his fair Bride. — Madam! All Joy.

*Bea.* Of what? — Will you perswade me into't?

*Sc.* Indeed Mrs. *Beatrice*, give you much joy — In truth a very worthy Gentleman — I am sorry it was not my good fortune to have yoak't you together.

*Ast.* Perhaps it may not be too late yet — You know wise men alwayes marry their Daughters both wayes — It is not impossible but that Mr. *Alderman* and my self may be made friends — His Daughter is still alive — How sayes my Dear?

*Bea.* Nay pish —

*Ast.* I shall be glad Sir to be better known to you; And hope my friend has made you a small Present from me; Had it been better, your worth deserves it.

*Sc.* Alas -- Sweet Sir — I thank your love — I have accepted *That*, already — You are an obliging person.

*Ru.* Come Madam — You're melancholly — Be cheary — All will do well — Mr. *Scruple*; A word — I think it were not amiss if you went before, and let him know, I am coming.

*Sc.* With all my heart — Have you any thing further, wherein I may serve this worthy person, and his Lady.

*Ru.* Why truly — Yes — You will do well to keep him in the same mind of making his Will — Since the young couple are together, and 'tis too late now, to part them, we must do something to secure them an Estate.

*Sc.*



*Sc.* You say well — And I will join with you in any thing ; — Provided always, you carry it prudently, for fear of scandal : — A blot, is no blot, till it be hit.

*Ru.* You must have a care that no one be in the Room, but ourselves : — Not so much as his wife.

*Sc.* By no means — If they should, I will cause 'um to withdraw, upon pretence of giving him some ghostly counsel, or the like : — Farewell — You'll find me there.

*Ru.* Not a word — Make haste — And be sure to break the Marriage to the good woman, before the *Alderman* comes to know it -- Watch your time.

*Sc.* I warrant you.

*Exit Scruple.*

*Ru.* Madam, your father has sent for me, and I must leave you for the present ; but you shall be sure to hear from me suddenly : — In the mean time, if you please to repose yourselves at my house, you shall be welcom : — You cannot be safer, nor nearer, if any occasion should be.

*Omnes.* With all our hearts.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. V. SCENE. 4.

Enter

*Scruple, discoursing to himself.*

*Sc.* **T**Hree hundred pounds a year, and conform : — A fair opportunity, and if I slip it, may I never have another : — But heark you Mr. *Scruple* — You must subscribe : — Well — And I will do't : -- But what will the Bretheren say? -- How will the sisters take it, when it shall be told 'um, *Vir gregis, Ipse caper decerraverat* ? -- Why -- 'Twas an Act of my hand, not an Act of my heart : -- But stay -- What need this ? -- Has not the direction of the intention, a faculty to null promises ? -- I take it, it has ; -- What say the *Casuits* ? -- If a man promises, and had no intention to perform -- when he made it, he is not oblig'd, unless there be an Oath, or Contract in the case ; For, when a man says simply, I will do thus, or thus, it shall be conceived, he meant, if his mind did not alter ; for otherwise, were to deprive him of his natural liberty : -- But there is

an

an Oath in the case (friend *Scruple*) There is an Oath -- How will you do now? -- Well -- Suppose there be two: -- I take it, the case has been determin'd long since -- I may take it *pro forma*, by a previous protestation nevertheless, that it shall not be prejudicial to me, in any thing that I shall act to the contrary, hereafter; -- If not -- Our Brethren are clear in the point -- Equivocation, in cases of necessity, may be lawful; -- 'Tis a *Pia fraus*: -- I'm sure, at worst, 'tis a probable opinion, and all probable opinions are equally safe in themselves: -- But hold ye brother -- Are not Oaths to be taken according to the meaning of the Exactor of the Oath? -- Perhaps they are; -- What then? Suppose I bring a probable opinion for the meaning of the taker: -- The extreams are wide -- But I have found an Expedient (and yet not mine, but our Brethrens still) The Swearer is not bound to the meaning of the Prescriber of the Oath, or his own meaning -- How then? -- Sweetly: -- To the reality of the thing sworn: -- I think the hair is split: -- But who shall be Judge of that? -- Of that hereafter: -- In the mean time -- Here is 300 *l.* a year, and a goodly house upon't: -- I will Conform, Reform, Transform, Perform, Deform, Inform, any Form: -- Form -- Form -- [Enter *Mrs. Whitebroth*, and *Mrs. Mopus*.] 'Tis but one syllable, and has no very ill sound -- It may be swallowed.

*M. W.* Now bless the good man! -- What's that he says? Form -- Form -- Marry I hope you don't intend to Conform?

*Sc.* Form is a good word -- A very good word -- *Forma dat esse rei* -- And without it (sister of mine) you could be neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood.

*M. M.* Now goodness defend him -- In the Highway to *Egypt* again.

*Sc.* Mistake me not -- I am neither for Highways, nor High-places: -- But --

*M. W.* But what? -- I hope you are not in earnest -- Will you forsake the *Good old Cause*?

*M. M.* Mr. *Scruple* Spew up the *Holy Covenant*!

*Sc.* It forsook me, and not I, it.

*M. W.* What will the vile Cavalier say?

*M. M.* How will the despisers of the Brethren bristle?

L

*M. W.*

M. W. How will the old Enemy erect himself?

M. M. And the holy sisters be humbled?

M. W. Who shall carry on the great work?

M. M. Or perfect that, which you have begun?

M. W. Mr. *Scruple* transmogrifie?

M. M. Ah no — [ *Both of them. -- Hui. --* ]

Sc. You say right — You are my workmanship — I have been working you these twenty years, and you are wrought : — But alas ( I speak not this to you ) There are a number of dissenting Brethren, and I have try'd 'um this way, and that way, and t'other way, and ( to say Truth ) every way, but never the nearer ; And therefore , I'm ev'n resolv'd, to try what the old way will do.

M. W. Ah Mr. *Scruple* ! — Do you know what you say? -- The old way !

M. M. The old Whore ! [ *Both — Hui. —* ]

Sc. Yes -- The old way, though no old Whore ; -- Wherein notwithstanding , I do no more than what ever was , is now , and ever will be : -- Mark what I say , and observe it ; -- our Brother *Fox* , that had so little wit , as to write his Book of Martyrs , had yet enough , to keep himself , from being one of the number.

M. W. Ah -- What will become of the flock ?

M. M. And the little Lambs , how shall they play ?

M. W. Who shall destroy the Chicken of the Wolf ?

M. M. And break the *Leviathan's* Eggs, i' the shell ?

Sc. Come ( sisters of mine ) you live on the blind side of the World ; — I find the Cause , and its interest , deserted by most people , unless it be some few , That having found how sweet a thing it is to head a Faction , make use of us , as the Monkey did of the Cats Paw , to scrape the Nuts out of the fire : — I need say no more , unless it be , That I have a fair opportunity of 300 *l.* a year offer'd me.

M. W. I -- do -- do -- And see who'll repent it first : — Never expect more *Friday* Night Suppers.

M. M. Nor the sweet society of Brethren , and sisters.

M. W. What fellowship is there in Stock-fish , and Oyler

M. M.

M. M. Or, instead of Gellies, to be swill'd with Frummentrie?

M. W. To exchange your Venison, for Red Herrings, and Mustard?

M. M. And Virgin Pullets, for Ling, and Haberdine: [Scruple shakes his head, and sighs. Huh, --]

M. W. Who will be gainers now?

M. M. Or whose the loss, when this happens?

M. W. When the Benevolence shall dwindle to an Easter penny.

M. M. And purifying Dinners, into crackt Groats.

M. W. When you're at charge of a Gown, for *Sundays*, and *Holydays*.

M. M. And the Cassock, comes out of your own Pocket.

M. W. When the Boyes cry after you, it grows too fast.

M. M. And the knot of your Sussingle sits in the wrong place. [Again, but louder. -- Huh -- Hu --]

M. W. And will you then leave us? Let not 300 *l.* a year be any thing in the case; we will allow you four: -- Pray consider, Did we ever forsake you? What have you lost by throwing your self on your friends? -- If the worst come to the worst, rather than lose you, we will forsake our carnal Husbands, and carnal Children, and march off, to *New-England* together.

Sc. Now cannot I forbear, but I must accept your 400 *l.* a year: -- Let a man strive never so much against it, natural affection will return upon him -- Comfort your selves, That is to say, Be comforted, I will not forsake you -- *Conclusum est contra, &c.* I will not Conform -- Nay, verily I will not.

M. W. Aa -- Mr. *Scruple*! [They both hang on him.] Cough within.

Sc. Heark! -- I hear the *Alderman* -- Run in -- Run in -- I'll follow you instantly. [Exeunt Mrs. *Whitebroth*, and Mrs. *Mopus*.] So -- Now 'tis 400 *l.* a year, and not Conform: -- The women are good comfortable women, and I ought not in Conscience to leave 'um: -- But hear me Brother -- What will you do with your new Parsonage? -- Why -- I -- will -- get -- some or other instituted, and inducted into 't, to save a Lapse, and take a Bond of 500 *l.* of him, to resign at six Months; which, he will forfeit of course, as

not doubting but to be reliev'd against it, as Simoniack: -- So -- There's 500*l.* got too -- He's gone every way: -- At common Law, 'tis his own Bond; Inequity, he might have resign'd: -- But why so fast friend *Scruple*? Had not you as good sell it out-right to avoid dispute? -- I cannot tell -- But now I remember me, the *Casuits* take a notable difference, that is to say, between money given (*pro valore Beneficii*) as the full price, and (*tantum motivum ad resignandum*) for your good will, or so; -- The first, they generally agree to be Simony; but for the latter, they leave it as a controverted point, positiveli deny'd by verie few, but such as have no money to give. [*Enter Whitebroth, led by Mopus and Timothy, Whitebroth Coughs.*] Alas good Sir! -- How does your Worship? -- Pray Sir how do you like him?

*Mo.* Troth but ill; I'm half afraid of him.

*Wh.* Who's that? Mr. *Scruple*?

*Sc.* Yes Sir -- How do you?

*Wh.* Uh -- Uh -- Verie ill -- Is the Doctor coming?

*Sc.* He'll be here immediatelie -- Poor man! He was half distracted when I brought him the News -- [*Enter Runter.*] He's come: -- How he sweats with haste!

*Rn.* My dear Friend, how do you?

*Wh.* Oh -- Oh -- ill, ill: -- Uh -- Uh -- Uh -- Have you brought my old Will with you? -- Let me see't. Uh -- Uh -- Uh --

*Rn.* Yes Sir, here 'tis. [*Runter gives it Whitebroth, he peruses it.*]

*Sc.* Indeed Sir 'tis piouslie, and discreetlie done, to settle Affairs so, that there may be no wrangling, in case you should do otherwise than well.

*Mo.* I wonder my Boy comes not -- I have sent him for a *Rosycrucian* preparation, has fetcht a man again, after he has been dead a day, and half: -- I hope it may do good; However, for fear of the worst, you do well to settle your Estate, it may ease your head.

*Wh.* Uh -- Uh -- Uh -- Here Doctor -- Put some wax to't; -- Set the Table nearer -- And give me my Seal -- [*Runter in putting on the wax, puts the change upon him; he signs and seals the false Deed, and Coughs all the while.*]

*Rn.*



*Ru.* Sir you are weak : — Do you deliver this as your Act and Deed ?

*Wh.* Yes — I do — Pray Gentlemen be Witnesses to it.

[ *Enter Boy. They witness it.* ]

*Mo.* Oh — Are you come at last — Here Sir — Here's the most sovereign Cordial in all the World -- I was seven years, in making one poor pint, and half of 't.

*Wh.* I thank you Sir — He drinks — Uh — Uh — It warms me stranglie — Uh — Uh —

*Mo.* Pray forbear Coughing ; -- you are weak — How do you feel your self now ?

*Wh.* I cannot tell — But methinks it does me good.

*Mo.* I see by this sudden operation, 'twill do the work : — You were best to walk in, and rest your self in your Couch awhile, before the fire.

*Ru.* I must run home a little, upon some urgent occasions, but will see you again presentlie.

*Exeunt severally.*

A C T. V. S C E. 5.

Enter

*D. Diligence, and his wife ; Bil. T. T. The men, drunk.*

*Bil.* **W**Hy Captain — What? All a mort?

*T. T.* Faith I was contemplating upon the pence

*Bil.* And thou shal't have 'um Boy — See here my Bully ! — [ *He pulls out Whitebroth's Chain.* — ] Here's that will fetch 'um.

*M. D.* Dear Major give it me.

*Bil.* Thou shal't have anie thing my Jo : — Captain, Courage ! We'll be merrie to Night, and have a Wedding, though 't be but a *Westminster* one.

*T. T.* What you will.

*D. D.* Well said Major : — Ah for a Fiddle now : — Odds nigs !

*Bil.* I hate those Puritan Oaths — If thou must swear, swear like a man of Office.

*D. D.*

**D. D.** The old Boy still — Now could I Caper through the Moon : — Hey Toffe — Hang one Fiddle , we'll have a whole Kennel : — Come you Jade — Dance.

**M. D.** Alas Major — How pitifulliemy Husband is cut ! — He'll be so sick to morrow morning.

**Bil.** Yes faith ; — He has got a Rattle as big as a Drum.

**D. D.** Major ! — A word — Do you think my Wife's a Whore ?

**Bil.** Such another word — And — By all the bones of my back —

**D. D.** Nay good Major — I was once a little jealous, till she told you of the *Alderman* — But now, I dare trust her to Lecture by her self.

**M. D.** What's that you say of me ? [ *Enter Afterwitt, Beatrice, Folly, Runter, Cis.* ]

**D. D.** Stand — Who comes there ? — Knock 'um down ? -- What are you ? — I am the Constable.

**Ast.** The Fellow's mad.

**M. D.** No Sir, he's onlie a little overtaken as they say.

**D. D.** Stand off — Down with 'um — Stand — Treason — I command you to apprehend one another.

**Fol.** Manie a good time, has this Fellows head been broke, to keep the peace whole — 'Prithee take him away.

**Bil.** Landlord — They're friends.

**D. D.** Which — Where — Here I could have 'um, and there I could have 'um : — [ *He fences with his staffe: --* ]  
**Mr. Runter !** — I profess I knew you not.

**Ru.** Then ha'done now — Come Gentlemen, What say you? The busines must be discovered first or last, and as good now (and perhaps better) than another time.

**Ast.** I like it well — But think it were not amiss to lessen the Company — We will not appear all at once.

**Ru.** However let 'um be within call.

**Fol.** Pray Gentlemen keep together — We shall have occasion to use you presentlie.

**Bil.** You see my Arm's in a Scarf — Much cannot be expected from me : — But for a dead list, we'll make a shift to change hands : — Gi' the word of command there, faces about, &c.

*Fol.*

*Jol.* And hear me Major — Lend me your Chain : —  
And let it be your care to provide some abominable Musick :  
— We'll bring him to our Bow, or run him to death with Fid-  
lers : —

*Bil.* I warrant you — Here — [ *He gives him the Chain. Ex-  
eunt all, but Jolly.* *Ast. Bea.* — *To them, Enter Scr. Mrs. White-  
broth.* ]

*M. W.* How ! Marry'd ? O my Child — My Child !

*Sc.* You might have believ'd me sooner — How often have I  
told you, she was in her *Teemes* : — And you know *Teene*, *quasi*  
*Teeming* : — I may be a little free with you — Young Girls are  
like Nuts, you must gather them when they begin to be brown at  
bottom, or they'll fall of themselves.

*M. W.* But trulie, I hope it is not so plain as you make it.

*Sc.* How think you ? [ *Afterwitt and Beatrice, come up and  
kneel.* ]

*M. W.* O my Child, my Child — Thy father is prettie hoddie  
again, but this will break his heart quite — O my Child — Has he  
not hurt thee ? [ *Enter Whitebroth, Mopus, Timothy.* *After them,*  
*Mrs. Mopus.* ]

*Ast.* No great sign of death Mother.

*Wh.* What's all this clutter ? — Here's a noise for a sick man,  
with all my heart ! — [ *Afterwitt and Beatrice kneel to him.* ]  
How's this ?

*Sc.* Nothing but Matrimonie Sir, and Conjugal Love.

*Wh.* And were you Pimp to't ? — I hope you have made sure of  
her portion — I can assure you her Grandfather left her not so much  
as a grey Groat.

*Ast.* I have enough in her.

*Wh.* Much good may't do you.

*Bea.* Good Sir forgive me.

*Wh.* Out of my doors — The wench is prettie handsome,  
and will be able to get her own living, if the Parish will but keep the  
Children.

*Ast.* I must not hear this language — Know you this — A good  
honest settlement upon my self. [ *He shows the Deed.* ] And your  
Daughter in consideration of marriage.

*Wh.*

*Wh.* Ha! Settlement! And in consideration of Marriage! — I was not drunk sure! — When was this done?

*Ast.* Onlie a little Crop sick — Verie latelie.

*Sc.* Indeed Sir, you desir'd this Gentleman, and my self, to be Witnesse to it — I know my hand again.

*Mo.* I saw you sign, seal, and deliver it.

*Wh.* I publish't onlie my Will.

*Mo.* I know not what your meaning was; but you deliver'd it as your Act, and Deed.

*Wh. Timothy* — Fetch me the Constable.

*Fol.* Sir, he'll save you that trouble; I met him just coming to you, about a suspicious person, whom he apprehended with This Chain in his pocket. [*He shews the Chain.*] You cannot imagine whose it should be? [*Whitebroth makes no answer, but holds up his hands, and walks: — Enter full but upon him, Bilboe, Double Diligence, Titere Tu, and Mrs. Double Diligence.*]

*Wh.* Cheated — Cheated — As I'm an Alderman, purelie Cheated.

*Ast.* How can that be — you have the Reputation, of as shrewd a man, as anie upon the Bench.

*Wh.* Ah — Rogues all — Rogues all — [*He walks again.*]

*Fol.* What say you Sir? Here's the Constable now: — Come, come, be wise: — Your Daughter has marry'd a Gentleman: — Is not this better, than a *Smithfield* bargain? — Give me so much money, and my Horse shall leap your Mare.

*Wh.* Don't worrie me with words — I'll consider of't.

*Sc.* Good Sir — Marriages are made in Heaven.

*Wh.* Then I'll be sworn, I had nev'r a friend there.

*Cis.* Trulie nor I neither — For indeed, methinks they are verie long in coming down. [*Aside.*]

*Sc.* Now verilie Sir, but this is a just judgment upon you, for hoarding up your moneys, and suffering the *Good Old Cause* to starve.

*Wh.* Screech-owle: — But where's my Doctor?

*Fol.* Why troth Sir (you cannot blame him) he is somewhat loth to appear, till he see how things are like to go: — Come, pray Sir —

*Wh.*

*Wh.* Well Sir — I see by this Chain, the Major and you, understand one another — Let's have no more words — All parties shall be satisfy'd — Give me't.

*Fol.* There — And may you long live to wear't : — You may come down — All's well — [*To Runter, peeping above.*]

*Wh.* Come Son and Daughter, the business is done, and I forgive you both — And if that settlement be not large enough, I'll make you a new one upon demand — You shall have your own Estate back, in present, and as you love your Wife, the rest after our deaths : — And so, you have my blessing.

*Ast. Bea.* [*Kneel.*] We thank you Sir.

*Wh.* Come, let's be merrie — And as late as 'tis send for the Musick — We must have a Dance, at least.

*Fol.* See what 'tis to forecast a man's business right ; — They are gone for, and will be here instantlie.

*Wh.* But we forget the main thing, the Posset : — Quicklie *Cis*, and get one readie. *Exit Cis.*

*M. W.* How's this? Musique! Dancing! Posset! — Are they lawful good Mr. *Scuple*?

*M. M.* Are they not, Raggs of the Whore?

*Sc.* Thereafter as they may be us'd — I will consider it a little, and give you my opinion — [*He walks. Enter Runter.*]

*Wh.* O my Doctor — You're a fine Gentleman — Good faith you are.

*Ru.* Who I? — I care not if all my faults were writ in my forehead : — [*Enter Tyro.*]

*Wh.* It must be in short hand then, or there will want room.

*Fol.* Here's *Tyro* too — Your ev'n come time enough to dance at your Mistresses Wedding!

*Ty.* How! My Mistresses Wedding?

*T. T.* Even so — Alas that I had but known of this before!

*Ru.* Women will have their wills — Let her go — I have another guess thing, in chase for you.

*Ty.* And shall I have her? *Ru.*



*Ru.* Thou shalt — And heark you — [*Runter having whisper'd him, he shrugs, and scratches his elbow.*]

*Sc.* Hum — I am full; and shall discourse 'um graduallie: — And first, of the first — Musick; -- Yes certainlie, it is lawful -- But, what Musick? That's the question: — We'll examine it a little — Cimbals, they are Jewish, — The Harp, malignant, and Irish; — Organs, Antichristian; — The Fluit, a meer Horn-pipe; — The Fiddle, Out upon't! Most abominable, it ushers in Revels, and May-poles: — What then? -- Why trulie I agree with the Assembly -- Bag-pipes; -- A harmless, innocent Musick, and most agreeable, to the Discipline, and practice, of our Bretheren of the Kirk: -- Besides, it has (as the Learned observe) a specifick qualitie, to mollifie, and soften the most brutal natures -- Witness, the Bears -- *Emollit mores nec finit esse feros.* — But secondly, for Dancing -- Why trulie, that may be lawful too — But here too, the point will be the same; — What Dancing? — Countrey Dances, they are *Pagan*; — French Dances, Fye, Fye, Antick; — Our ordinarie dancing, villanous; 'tis mixt, and promiscuous, a verie Nicolaitinism: — The Benchers measures; I must confess they come somewhat near, were they not superstitious: — What then? — Why — The men may dance in one Room, and the women in t'other: — Lastly, for the Posset — And truly here, I'm in a great Wood — But not to dwell upon the Letter, whither Posset, or P-osset, I shall take it as it lies before me — Posset — And truly that may be lawful too: — Lemon Posset, is cooling — Carduus Posset, *Benedictus* -- And Sack-Posset, comfortable — But VVedding — Sack — Posset — There's the point; -- Trulie, I half doubt it, and that for fifteen Reasons — Hum —

*Fol.* A plague o' these Fidlers -- VVe shall be murder'd ere they come,

*Sc.* I say for fifteen Reasons: — First, from the name of the thing; Posset, from *Posse*, To be able; And from that fond supposition, first brought into VVeddings, An invention, meerly carnal: — But secondly, for that it ministreth abundance of unsavoury discourse: — Thirdly, for that the Grace before it, is none at all, and the Grace after it, lewd: — Fourthly, That it is eaten (by the parties chiefly concern'd) only in spight: — Fifthly, — Hum — Haw — I say fifthly — [*Enter Fiddles.*]

*Fol.*

# THE CHEATS.

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*Fol. Servant Apollo!* — Strike up, strike up, — One noise best drowns another.

*Sc.* A wholesome observation lost.

*Fol.* 'Twill keep cold for another time.

*Wh.* Come Gentlemen — One Dance, and then for the Posset,  
[ *They dance. Tyro pipes.* ] VVhy so — VVe're all friends —  
And now, you that are for the Posset, follow me.

*Fol.* VVell mov'd — VVell mov'd — The Bride begins to be sleepy.

*Bil.* Lead on before there — I'll bring up the Rear — Come Landlord — Bear up for the Bar of *Chester*; And since we have had so good fortune to day, we'll henceforth boyle our Beef in Sack, and make the Beggars drunk with the Porridge. *Exeunt.*

## THE END.

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### ERRATA.

**T**Heſe, and ſuch other literal miſtakes, as you may chance to meet with, be pleas'd to correct.  
Page 2. line 10. *for, dead a Horſe* — read — *a dead Houſe.* Pag. 36.  
lin. 26. — *for, quocunque* — read *Quacunque.* Pag. 37. lin. 38. — *for, a great red*  
*man* — read, *a great read man.* And ſo for the reſt, &c.

M 2

THE

# THE EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MOPUS.

I Had almost forgot — Let's see — What weather?  
Nor fair; — Nor foul; — Indifferent; — Both together;  
Clear; if no Clouds, nor misting; — If there shou'd,  
It shall proceed from former Causes: — Good:

So much for Doctrine — To Apply it now;  
To've had A Play, But, whither good, or No,  
'Tis past my Globe, — yet guess, the weather will  
Prove fair enough, unless you make it ill.

'Tis you must make the Play, or stand, or fall;  
Therefore, By me, To you, and you, and All,  
The Author bows — And perhaps reason for't;  
Some Men the Judge, others, the Fury Court;  
The one, more Just, if unconcern'd, The other,  
More Pitiful; If he claps both together,  
He means no hurt; For in a common Hall,  
Noise carries it — He fain would please you All:  
To've had for Pit, for Box, for Gallery too;  
Keep your own Posts, and he is well enow:  
But — If you must lash out, And think you can't  
Be wiss your selves, unless you pique, and rant;  
At your own Peril be't, And further know,  
Who gives a Character, in one, gives two:  
He hopes the best — Nor will we, be perplex't;  
Laugh hearty now, and he shall fix you next.

FINIS.

and